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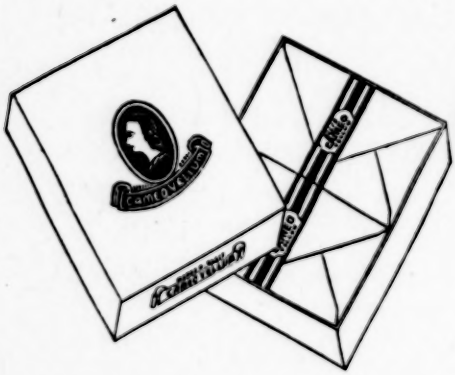

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CONTENTS

VOL. XVI JULY, 1947 No. 4

Lament for Damon:
The *Epitaphium Damonis* of Milton ..... HELEN WADDELL 341

Taking the Fairies out of the Woods ..... A. R. M. LOWER 349

Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*
in the Eighteenth-Century Mode ..... SAMUEL KLIGER 357

The Interaction of Religion and Philosophy ..... JOHN K. McCREARY 371

The Mariner and the Albatross ..... GEORGE WHALLEY 381

The Heritage of Johann Gottfried Herder ..... A. GILLIES 399

"Elementary, My Dear Watson" ..... GRAHAM McINNES 411

— REVIEWS —

The Philosophy of Higher Education ..... W. R. TAYLOR 420

The Major Phase of Henry James ..... LEON EDEL 424

Neville Chamberlain ..... A. BRADY 428

Petrarch's *Rime* ..... H. S. WILSON 430

The Argument of *Paradise Lost* ..... A. S. P. WOODHOUSE 433

Canada and the United Nations ..... W. A. RIDDELL 436

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LAMENT FOR DAMON

The *Epitaphium Damonis* of Milton

Translated by HELEN WADDELL

Editor's Note

Like its more famous predecessor *Lycidas* (1638), the *Epitaphium Damonis* (1640) stands in the tradition of the European pastoral elegy, which extends from Theocritus' *Lament for Daphnis* to Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis* and includes, among other poems, Bion's *Lament for Adonis*, Moschus' *Lament for Bion*, Virgil's *Daphnis*, Castiglione's *Alcon*, Ronsard's *Angelot*, and Shelley's *Adonais*. In the Renaissance such poetry was written either in Latin or in the vernacular. The pastoral elegy demands for its perfection, first, a genuine emotional content (which may range all the way from simple grief for the departed, as in the *Epitaphium*, to the more complex feelings associated with the hazards of life and death in general, as in *Lycidas*), and, second, an artistry which can draw on the riches of the tradition and weave from them an appropriate aesthetic pattern. In her original preface, Miss Waddell quotes from Johnson's notorious dismissal of *Lycidas:* "Where there is room for fiction, there is little grief." She rightly sees in the *Epitaphium* the complete refutation of this charge: "The truth is, rather, that 'fiction,' convention, makes room for grief. The traditional language, the ancient symbols, become a kind of liturgy that releases emotion even while it controls it."

Charles Diodati had been Milton's closest friend since they were schoolboys together at St. Paul's. With a common devotion to virtue, to learning and to poetry, the gayer Diodati seems to have played L'Allegro to Milton's Il Penseroso. He was confidant as well as friend, and to him were addressed Milton's more intimate epistles in Latin prose and verse. It was during Milton's absence in Italy that the bright brief life of Diodati came to an end. On his return Milton wrote the *Epitaphium Damonis*, whose "argumentum" is thus rendered in the *Columbia Milton:* "Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds of the same countryside, and interested in the same pursuits, were from boyhood inseparable friends. Thyrsis, going abroad for purposes of study, received the news of Damon's death. When later he returned home, and found that it was really so, he bemoans himself and his loneliness in the following elegy. Damon here stands for Charles Diodati, Italian in so far as his father's family came from the Tuscan city of Lucca, but in all other respects English: a young man distinguished, during his brief life, for his talents, learning and all other notable virtues."

The *Epitaphium* has been several times translated, for example, in verse by Cowper and in prose by William Vaughan Moody. Miss Waddell's new rendering was privately printed in England in 1943, dedicated "To the Memory of George Frederick Waddell Martin, Major R.E., Served in the

defence of Tobruk 1941, Killed March 17, 1942, Aged 23; And of the men, his brothers-in-arms, who died young." We are grateful to Miss Waddell for her permission to print her translation in these pages and thus to ensure to it a different audience.

A.S.P.W.

* * * * * * *

Lament for Damon

O nymphs that haunt the old Sicilian stream,
Himera's stream, you that do still remember
Daphnis and Hylas, and the death of Bion
Lamented these long years,
Sing dirge beside these English river towns,
Sing by the Thames, as once in Sicily,
The low lament, the ceaseless bitter weeping
That broke the quiet of the caves,
River and forest ride and fleeting water,
Where Thyrsis went, bewailing his lost Damon,
Walking at dead of night in the silent places
Uncomforted, alone.

It is the second year.
Twice has the green corn come to ear,
And twice the barns are filled with golden grain,
Since the ending day that took him to the shadows,
And I not there. I was in Tuscany,
Making my verses.
But now, my mind assuaged and the old task calling,
Now that I am come home,
Sitting again beneath the familiar elm,
Now, now, I know him gone,
And know how vast my grief.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

O grief! what gods are there in heaven or earth
That I can cry to, since they've taken thee
In unrelenting death? O Damon, so to leave us,
And all thy valour pass, and no man name thee
In that dim fellowship of shades? Ah no!
Sure He whose golden bough divides men's souls
Shall lead thee to thy chosen company
And keep at bay the sluggish silent herd.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

What e'er befall—unless the wolf first spy me—
Thou shalt not moulder in an unwept grave.
Thy honour shall abide, and have long life
Among the shepherds: thou wilt be remembered
When they remember Daphnis, after Daphnis
They'll fall to praising you, whilst the kind gods
Of field and fold still haunt the countryside:
If it be aught to have kept the ancient faith,
And loved the arts, and had a poet friend.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

These things are yours, O Damon, they are yours,
And yours for ever:
But Damon, Damon, what's to become of me?
Who'll walk with me forever by my side,
As you did, through the frost and through the mire,
In the fierce sun, the thirsting dying grass?
Or face the lion but a spear's cast off,
Or scare the hungry wolves from the high folds?
Or talking, singing, lull the day to sleep?

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

To whom can I speak my heart? To whom shall I go
To learn to master the dark thoughts that tear me,
And cheat the night with talking, while the pears
Are hissing on the fire and all the hearth
Crackling with chestnuts, and the wind from the South
Is wrecking all without, and overhead
The elm tree cries and groans?

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

Summer and noon, Pan sleeping under the oak,
The nymphs all fled to their cool haunt under the waters,
The shepherds gone to the shade and the swineherd snoring—
But who will bring me back that smiling enchantment,
The Greek salt of your wit, and all your ways?

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

Alone through the plough lands I go, alone through the pasture,
Down where the branching trees grow thick in the valley,
There do I wait the night: above my head
Sadly the west wind sighs and the falling rain,
And sighs the shivering twilight of the trees.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

The fields that once I ploughed are tangled with weeds,
Couch grass and bindweed: and the standing corn
Bows and rots where it grew: the virgin grape
Is shrivelling where it hangs on the unkempt vine.
I am sick of my sheep and the pitiful creatures bleat,
Crowding reproachful faces around their master.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

One lad shouts from the hazels, and one from the rowans,
One is among the willows, and one by the river.
"Here's a spring well, and grass that is silky with moss,
A warm west wind and water lapping the branches"—
They cry to a deaf man. There's sanctuary in the forest.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not. . . .

O God, if one were a bullock!
All of them moving together roaming the field,
Any steer of the herd as good a friend as another.
The jackals crowd at their feasting, and the wild ass
Will rub his shaggy head against his neighbour
Indifferent of choice.
This too is the law of the sea: out on the desolate sands
Proteus calls, and the seals come to him in shoals.
Aye, even the lowly sparrow
Has never far to seek for company,
Cheerfully pecking his grain, flickering here and there,
Homing again at dusk to the familiar eaves:
Yet should Fate strike down his comrade,
Spitted on beak of hawk, or limed in a ditch,
Straight is he off again, the sociable creature,
To find another mate.
But what of men?
Men, the hard stock, schooled by grim destiny,
Alien, aloof in soul,
Discordant in their hearts?
Hardly in thousands may a man find one
That is his fellow.
And if at last Fate hath not proved unkind,
Hath given the heart's desire,
Comes stealthily the day you had not looked for,
The hour undreaded,
And snatches him, and leaves loss infinite,
For ever and for ever.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

O grief! what craze for wandering captured me,
Drew me to unknown shores,
Climbing the sky-flung rocks, the Alps in snow?
Was it so great a thing to look on Rome,
Low in her grave—
Even had she been as when the Virgilian shepherd
Left his own flocks and herds to gaze on her—
When for her I must lack thy company
And set between us deep estranging seas,
Mountains and woods and rocks and sounding rivers?
O had it but been given me at the last
To touch thy hand in the still hour of dying,
And close those eyes beneath the carven brows,
And say "Farewell: go forth on thy high journey:
And still remember me."

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

God knows I do not grudge the memory
Of you, the men I found in Tuscany,
Poets and shepherds: Grace and Wit are there—
And Damon, Damon was himself a Tuscan,
His father's house from Lucca of the kings,
Etruscan kings and priests.
How high my heart was, stretched beside the Arno
Cool-fleeting past me, or in shadow of the poplars,
Where the grass is deeper, and violets to gather,
Myrtle to reach high for, listening to my poets
Arguing and versing: and sometimes, greatly daring,
I too made verses, that did not much displease.
Dati, Francini, I still have the gifts you gave me,
Fruit baskets, wine bowls, wax for my shepherd's flute.
Still I remember the song you made about us,
Singing under the beeches: lyric poets and scholars,
Both of you famous, both of Etruscan blood.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

How would I dream there, at moonrise and dewfall,
Solitary, closing in the little tender goats,
How often said—and the earth dark above thee!—
"Damon will be singing now, or out to trap a hare,
Weaving his osiers for all his little contraptions!"
And so light-hearted, so sure was I of to-morrow,
I held it in my hand, the time to come.
Here! are you busy? If there is nothing you must do,

Shall we go and lie in the glancing quivering shade
Down by the Colne, or the fields above St. Albans,
And you can recite me all your herbs and simples,
Hellebore and iris and the saffron-crocus,
And the herbs in the marshland and all the arts of healing
—O perish all the herbs, and all the arts of healing,
Perish all the simples that could not save their master!
And I—more than a se'nnight gone—so grand, so grave a note
Rang from my pipe—I scarce had put my lips to it,
The reeds were new—and yet they leapt asunder,
Broke at the join, and that deep resonance
Could bear no more.
I fear I am too bold: yet let me speak,
Speak to the silent woods.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

I shall sing of the Trojan prows
Cleaving the seas beneath the cliffs of Kent,
And the old Kingdom that was Imogen's,
And Arvirach, was son to Cymbeline,
And Bren and Belin, ancient British captains,
And the Breton coast brought under Britain's law,
And Igraine great with child that shall be Arthur,
And the false face of Uther that begat him,
Masking her husband's likeness and his armour,
Through Merlin's guile. O, if I live, yet live,
Thou shalt hang, my shepherd's pipe, on some ancient pine,
Remote, all but forgotten—
Unless thou change thy note
From the classic cadence to the harsher speech
Of the English tongue.
And then? What then?
It is not given to one man to have all things,
Or even to hope for all things.
Enough, enough for me, and grand the honour—
Although I be unknown in time to come,
Yea, be inglorious in the outer world—
If my own folk will chant me in the meadows
Beside the cowslip Ouse and the springs of Allen
And the swirling tides of the Severn, and wooded Trent,
And Thames—above all, my Thames—and Tamar tawny with ore,
And the far Orkneys in the furthest seas.

Away, my lambs, unfed : your shepherd heeds you not.

These songs I was keeping for thee, in the bark of the laurel:
These, and how many more!—and the goblets I was given
By Manso, glory of the Campanian shore,
Two chalices of marvellous workmanship
—Yet the old man no less marvellous than they—
Carved and inlaid with two-fold argument:
Here, the Red Sea, the long Arabian coast,
And fragrant-breathing spring and the woods of spice,
And in the midst the Phoenix, the divine,
Sole in the earth, blazing with azure wings
Diversely bright, her eyes upon the dawn
That breaks above the green crystalline sea.
Obverse, the vast over-arching of the sky,
Height of Olympus,
And Love, aye, Love himself, against the clouds,
The dazzling bow, the torch, the arrows of fire.
No puny soul, no sordid breast his target.
Those burning eyes go seeking through the worlds
For the high heart, the proud undaunted spirit.
These, not the sprawling, are his arrows' mark,
The noblest minds, beauty as of the gods,
He kindles, and they burn.

And thou art with them, Damon, thou art there,
This is no cheating hope.
Thou too art there: where else should be
That holy sweet simplicity,
That radiant valiancy?
We did thee wrong to seek thee in the mirk
Of Lethe's waters.
No tears, no tears for thee, and no more wailing.
I'll weep no more. He hath his dwelling place
In that pure heaven,
He hath the power of the air, himself as pure.
His foot hath spurned the rainbow.
Among the souls of the heroes, the gods everlasting,
He drinks deep draughts of joy.

Thou hast the freedom of heaven: be with me now.
Canst hear me, Damon, come unto thy peace?
Art thou our Damon still,
Or do they call thee by thine other name,
The given of God, the name they knew in heaven,
But Damon in the woods.
Thine was untarnished youth, the flush of honour

Untouched by wantonness: and now to thee
The glories kept for virgin souls are given.
Upon thy radiant head a glittering crown,
And in thy hand the joyous green of the palm,
Thou goest deathless to the immortal feast,
Where the sound of the lyre and the voice of singing
Kindle and quicken the dancing feet,
Where the Bridegroom's feast is toward,
And the mystic wine is poured,
The madness and the ecstasy of Heaven.

TAKING THE FAIRIES OUT OF THE WOODS

A DIALOGUE

A. R. M. Lower

Characters: Smith, a man of knowledge
Jones, a man of faith

Smith: I happened to get into conversation this afternoon with Testubes, whom I think you know. He dropped in just when there was some discussion going on about the Japanese Canadians.

Jones: Yes I know Testubes. A very able scientist. What did he want to do with the Japanese Canadians?

Smith: He said that what we ought to do with them was plain enough: send them all back where they came from, and at once.

Jones: Well, Testubes is a bit of a social obscurantist, I am afraid. But I hardly think it would be fair to take him as typical of his brethren. As a good laboratory man, he's rather contemptuous of us "social scientists": all we do is talk, I imagine he would say. He's accustomed to acting . . . to weighing and measuring. . .

Smith: And similar executive acts. The trouble with many scientists like him is that they are hardly aware of the existence of human beings. They think in terms of centigrams or molecules or sulphuric acid. For Testubes, "the Japs," I suppose, are just objects to be manipulated, like 100 cc. of H_2O, not human beings with flesh and blood like his own.

Jones: They probably are irrational numbers—presences that disturb the smoothness of his equations.

Smith: I have rarely known a scientist who seemed able to carry his objectivity outside his laboratory with him. He is prepared to be the strict observer when looking at his experiment but when he gets into ordinary affairs, your affairs and my affairs—that is, politics—he often seems to me just an innocent, just a man of ordinary passions, without any special capacity for detached observation at all.

Jones: We perhaps malign the scientist in his absence. He might contend that people who dub themselves "social scientists" are simply masquerading under a name to which they have no right.

Smith: Well, if science is organized knowledge and knowledge acquired by detached observation, I don't see how he could sustain that argument.

Jones: He could, up to a point: most "sciences" proceed by way of experiment, experiment repeated and repeated. The social scientist is not able to repeat experiments.

Smith: He cannot even make experiments. An election, a battle, or a business depression, such things are not experiments, and they cannot be

repeated at will. All I am saying is that the social scientist is a scientist if he is a detached observer.

JONES: That is difficult, too, for the matter of social science is the warm and moving stuff of human affairs: it is harder to keep your prejudices out of politics than out of a Florence flask.

SMITH: Quite, but the social scientist is at least trained in that direction. When the scientist gets separated from his Florence flask, he falls into the abyss, just like any other unsuspecting citizen. The social scientist does not; at least, not so easily.

JONES: There are social scientists and social scientists; some of them are just as innocent as are the natural scientists. You yourself are a historian; do you consider yourself a scientist?

SMITH: Yes, as to method: I try to be sure of my facts, and I put them together with as much objectivity as I can summon.

JONES: But you are also a citizen, you are influenced by your own past and by the past of your country. You would be more than human if you did not have feelings on these matters.

SMITH: I certainly don't deny that I have feelings, and if you like, prejudices. Nevertheless I subdue them as best I can.

JONES: What are your notions of subjugation? Are you afraid of your feelings? Feelings can be as valid as knowledge.

SMITH: No, I am not afraid of them, and they probably drive me forward, giving a certain validity to my work that dispassionate intellect alone could perhaps not furnish. Nevertheless, despite the presence of feeling in the historian, I contend that history can, with some propriety, be called a science.

JONES: History is an art. It is an aspect of literature. As such, it is not entirely a matter of rational process. The closer it comes to pure rationalism, the duller and less valuable it becomes. History, like other arts, must have its roots in the unconscious. In becoming scientific it becomes sterile.

SMITH: Whether that be true or not, the scientific attitude towards history has at least swept away many fables. For example, I suppose the Hindoos don't still teach, as Macaulay said they did in his day, that some of their early kings were thirty miles high and waded through seas of melted butter to their thrones. Or, to take a less crude instance, historians have uncovered the realities of Magna Carta. They have put it in its setting. It was a feudal document devoted to securing the rights of the few privileged persons of the time, with the occasional flourish in the direction of "all the rest." That was the fact. We also have the myth—that it was a great democratic document extracted from King John by the people of England —*communitas totius regnae*—guaranteeing them all their traditional civil liberties. I can't hold with the myth stated in that point-blank way, but my reading of the facts presents me with an actuality not less valuable than the myth, namely, that your rights are what you fight for and win.

JONES: You don't believe in the myth yourself, but you palm it off on the people at large?

SMITH: No, I am not a quack, I hope. I must bring my new knowledge into the service of the people somehow, but it must be in useable form.

JONES: History seems to me to oscillate between sterility and fable: if you take all of the myth-making out of it, the result is sterility; if you put it back in, you get fable.

SMITH: I could grant that—up to a point—if you would allow me to add that the supreme act in the writing of history is not research, but interpretation. I am just repeating something you said a few moments ago when I say that interpretation rests on intuition. Here you get an act of creation. The historian pierces through his blankets of fact, somehow or other, to discern the universal truth which lies beneath them. If he can reveal some of that to men, he rises far above the mere annalist and becomes, in a sense, a poet.

JONES: You wish to have your cake and eat it too: to be a scientist and an artist at the same time. My contention is that "scientific" history destroys our myths, and mankind perhaps lives by its myths; at least, there are few people who can get along without myth at all, that is, without in some degree "kidding themselves." So with groups of men; they must have their communal myths.

SMITH: But are you not really arguing against our using our brains? If we start studying a problem, whether scientific or historical—or poetical, for that matter—we cannot just remain spell-bound in its presence, so to speak. If we are students at all, we use our brains, and cannot at the same time be worshippers before the shrine, whose proper attitude is not investigation but adoration.

JONES: That kind of statement brings out sharply the gulf between the intellect and the feelings, between science and myth, between analysis and acceptance. I wonder if, in the long run, myth is not the more serviceable to man.

SMITH: The analysing intellect certainly cuts across myth. It throws its electric flashlight around a dark cellar and shows there is no ghost there.

JONES: That is just it: it dismays man by showing him that there is nothing there.

SMITH: Except cobwebs and beetles. Are we any the worse for sweeping them up?

JONES: I cannot say. What you suggest is that there is no mystery about life, and that we would be better off if we didn't bother about the mysterious, the unseen—if we just cleared up the cellar and, having done that, did not go on to speculate about what might lie under the stones of its floor—which speculation would logically lead us down to infinite depths.

SMITH: No, I suggest, rather unsurely, that the mysterious just becomes the patent as we come to understand it, and that therefore perhaps at the end of all roads, there is no mystery.

JONES: "The end of all roads"? Death?

SMITH: Yes, or birth; the death of the universe, or its birth.

JONES: "Now I know in part. . . ."

SMITH: Yes, I think that would be more or less my position. Whatever the ultimate explanation, would you not admit that we have to follow our intellect to the limit, let it lead us where it will?

JONES: I suppose one must say so, though I feel that it is more important to preserve the capacity for myth than to analyse to the limit. What have you got when you have finished analysis? Pieces, that's all.

SMITH: Perhaps, instead of saying "than to analyse to the limit," you mean "than to ascertain the truth." I tend to distrust that word *important.*

JONES: If you do, you must believe that everything in life is on a dead level, that there are no values. Is a good education no more *important* than an education in crime?

SMITH: Oh, of course, in practice there must be gradations of *importance.* What I was getting at is the tendency of people to make up their own scheme of things and then judge everything with reference to this scheme: to the Nazis, it was *important* that all Jews be done away with. Over the word *important,* I admit, the scientific attitude breaks down. Science measures the atomic bomb and insulin in just the same scales: both are equally *important,* in that both exemplify certain scientific phenomena.

JONES: That suggests the test that I would give to the word: that which goes in the direction of life is *important.* The *important* things are those which maintain and sustain life, the unimportant those which lead directly or indirectly to futility, sterility, death.

SMITH: Beef leads to life, booze to death, so to speak.

JONES: In a sense, though the matter of moderation comes in there, with both of them. And of course your examples are too simple.

SMITH: Oh, I know: you're thinking in terms of philosophical value, and in doing so, you raise a real dilemma. In ordinary matters, people have no difficulty in deciding what is *important:* nearly everyone will place food, shelter, and love right at the top of the list, and some form of upbringing, whether formal education or not, close to them. In a country like this, the various arts, including the art of thinking, would come fairly low in the scale: probably most people would regard appreciation of music as a mere embroidery on life, as not very *important.*

JONES: There are certain areas in the world where such things would be given a high rating: some would even rate them higher than food. Artists have starved for their art before today.

SMITH: Your contention, that is, is that the material test will not do.

JONES: "Man shall not live by bread alone. . . ." Consequently even in this rather ridiculous "go-getting" civilization of our Western world, you will find many people who would contend that religious values must go up above food and drink in *importance.*

SMITH: Yes, but what are—religious values? In our practical Western way, when we start to think them out, we often come to the conclusion that they are—food and drink! But with the significant qualification that they are food and drink for the other fellow, too.

JONES: That is, in the midst of Western materialism, there is a patch of idealist sunlight.

SMITH: More than a patch. Half the time when we picture ourselves as "materialists" or "realists," we are just seeking to avoid seeming sentimental; materialism on this continent is mainly just the game of achievement. Altruistic impulses—and that seems to me to be the test—are always prominent.

JONES: You might just as well have said "impulses leading towards life."

SMITH: Yes, generosity leads to life, not only for the other man but for yourself, too, I suppose. It's a matter of casting one's bread upon the waters. But I doubt if you originally meant by *important* values those which merely promote physical well-being, whether they are altruistic or not.

JONES: No, I did not: there is something beyond physical well-being. And the unhappiness of this continent, despite its high standard of physical well-being, it seems to me, indicates what that something is.

SMITH: I can agree with you on "the unhappiness of this continent." One has only to look at the faces passing him on the streets of a great city. And I'm pretty sure what your explanation is going to be.

JONES: Well, it's this: if people are unhappy, despite high standards of physical well-being, it must mean that, somehow or other, they are out of tune with life: they are working against life and life is working against them. The very infertility of the Western world indicates that: nature seems to be writing us off. Whatever we think, and whether we think we are *important* or not, nature evidently does not think us *important* and is visibly writing off these great city crowds with unhappiness in their faces, writing them off by the simple device of having them fail to propagate themselves. Nature also abhors a vacuum. She will fill up this vacuum with simpler folk, men and women for whom—and here my cat comes out of the bag—for whom there still remains a sense of mystery in the world.

SMITH: In other words, material goods are not in the long run life-sustaining. If your struggle for life is bitter enough, you may see visions not revealed to the assured. A man may be hungry or diseased but still recreate his kind, and perhaps more freely than the well-fed.

JONES: Exactly: "the meek shall inherit the earth."

SMITH: You are a Darwinist—along with the author of that quotation?

JONES: An unexpected implication!

SMITH: In Australia, they say, men struggle unceasingly with rabbits: let vigilance be relaxed and the rabbit swarms over and devours everything. Left to himself, he would strip Australia clean: he presumably believes in

making Australia a land fit for rabbits. After having eaten it clean, he would himself die of hunger and disease, leaving behind a desert. Is the rabbit possessed of a sense of mystery? He is obviously a well-adapted, happy individual.

JONES: I am not to be put off by the rabbit: he follows the law of his being, and mankind follows its: our law, like that of the rabbit, is to replenish the earth and subdue it more and more to our species. That seems to me to be the law of all life, and I don't blame the rabbit for following it, any more than I do bacteria for destroying us when they get a chance.

SMITH: Now it's you who are putting a highly objective point of view. Let me go on in the same tone by suggesting that man, following his natural tendencies, would also eat the earth clean: he is even more destructive than the rabbit. Not only does he breed up to the limit of subsistence—as in China today, and every country yesterday—and then die of hunger, as does the rabbit, but also he is carelessly and wilfully destructive: he makes the very earth by which he lives a desert by destroying forests and soil, and he destroys through war. The urge to destruction seems so deep-seated: who ever saw a schoolboy who could forego the opportunity to break the windows in an empty house?

JONES: Yet we have a countercheck within ourselves: we do not solely destroy the earth, we renew it and conserve it.

SMITH: One must admit that human existence seems to be a race between destruction and construction. We love to build a great big imposing structure, but we seem to love even better to hear it come toppling down. However, this doesn't bring us any closer to the crucial question of whether the rabbit has a sense of mystery.

JONES: Well, I don't think that matters much. My simple contention is that man has to maintain *his* sense of mystery in order to go on existing. If you drive the fairies out of the woods, you make the woods, in the deepest sense, lifeless. Man cannot live on a purely mechanical plane, it seems to me.

SMITH: What you appear to be saying is that man is earth-bound, and if he gets both feet off the ground, like Antaeus, he dies: he is both animal and spirit.

JONES: Well, he certainly derives the continuity of his racial life from his animal nature.

SMITH: Admitted, but does one equate "animal nature" with "sense of mystery," that is, with the basis of religion?

JONES: Whether one does or not, the opposite pole from animalism seems to me to be that towards which our modern world gravitates: the pole of analysis, or knowledge. Humanity moves from the unconscious, the innocent, to the ultra-conscious, the ultra-sophisticated. Today we know everything: we know there are no fairies in the woods. Knowledge is making us so aware of the secret things of life that it is reducing them to a mechanical level and in so doing, is destroying them. Man is destroying

himself by his knowledge, not only, let me emphasize, through its direct applications, as in warfare, but through the "climate" which knowledge is creating.

SMITH: Isn't that exactly our human dilemma? If we are earth-bound, we are also just a little lower than the angels, or, as you might wish to say, "sons of God." It seems to me possible that knowledge (which, to continue to use religious language, is also one of God's gifts to his children) may yet prove suicidal, not only in the way you suggest, by drying up the springs of life, but also directly, as through the atomic bomb. Logically we have reached the point where we ought to lock up the scientists and destroy their laboratories.

JONES: But we won't do that: we haven't sense enough.

SMITH: No, there's absolutely no chance of our doing it. As I contended before, to follow knowledge is part of our destiny: there's no turning back, surely.

JONES: I assent, again, but wearily: we cannot stultify our intellect, I suppose.

SMITH: For your consolation, it is a good thing to remember that for most people these fairies you talk about are still in the woods.

JONES: No, I can't agree with that: we poisonous intellectuals inoculate the masses with our own virus: it may not spread very fast, but spread it does. The fairies are already out of the woods.

SMITH: People go on creating new fairies as fast as the old ones are destroyed. Look at the fairy-tales about "gremlins" that sprang up during the war.

JONES: Those weren't very serious fairies: synthetic, like Santa Claus in a department store.

SMITH: Hasn't the average man still a lingering sense of mystery in the presence of some wonderful mechanical gadget, like a huge new 'plane?

JONES: That's six parts egotism: he feels the triumph of man in the 'plane. Anyway, the never-ending succession of gadgets is fast wearing out whatever it is the simple man feels in their presence.

SMITH: Perhaps some day out of all this a new man may emerge, a man based entirely on knowledge, a completely rational man.

JONES: Then he would not be man. I should not want him.

SMITH: Well, we can't do much about it anyway: we're just in canoes running rapids, that's all. If we get through into still water, I suspect we're going to find it called "rationality." If man should ever become completely rational, would he not then become—and for the first time—a responsible creature, one who did not need to lean on a kindly father?

JONES: What would that be worth? There would still be no fairies in the woods, no emotions, and probably no beauty—for I do not see how beauty can exist without a sense of wonder. Man would have become a kind of super calculating machine.

SMITH: I'm afraid you don't need to worry much about that: there's still so much of the irrational in man that he may shake this old coach of his, labelled civilization, to pieces. He never was driving it faster or more crazily down hill than just at present. If a couple of generations or so get an opportunity to grow up in ignorance of "the blessings of civilization," you will have all the myth you want.

JONES: Let me note, apropos of the return to the primitive, that the first records of man's art come from the caves—those prehistoric animal pictures, you know, of southern France. That's where we began, apparently—with a brooding sense of wonder and of beauty.

SMITH: Well, do you want to return to the cave? Are the pictures worth the cave existence?

JONES: Few would deliberately choose to return to the cave. But my return there, or that of my descendants, may also be part of the law of life. So I should just have to accept it, I suppose.

SMITH: And that, too—your acceptance, I mean—would be a mystery. You have the last word.

JANE AUSTEN'S *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE* IN THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MODE

SAMUEL KLIGER

I

IT is no difficult task to cull from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* passages reflecting the period's taste in art and employing a critical terminology made widely current throughout the eighteenth century by many formal discussions of aesthetics. Thus, for example, two performances at the piano by Elizabeth Bennet, the heroine, and her sister Mary, are evaluated in terms of the familiar antithesis, drawn in innumerable essays of the period, between "art" and "nature." Elizabeth performs first and the author comments: "Her performance was pleasing, though by no means capital. After a song or two, and before she could reply to the entreaties of several that she would sing again, she was eagerly succeeded at the instrument by her sister Mary, who having, in consequence of being the only plain one in the family, worked hard for knowledge and accomplishments, was always impatient for display." As for the sister, however: "Mary had neither genius nor taste; and though vanity had given her application, it had given her likewise a pedantic air and conceited manner, which would have injured a higher degree of excellence than she had reached. Elizabeth, easy and unaffected, had been listened to with much more pleasure, though not playing half so well."[1]

A century-long discussion, particularly of Shakespeare, is neatly summarized in this passage. Shakespeare, the period agreed, "wanted art"; but, his natural genius offsetting his neglect of art, he was exonerated. Mrs. Griffith, for example, condemned those "mechanists in criticism" who judged Shakespeare "by the cold rules of artful construction." She remarked further: "Would they restrain him within the precincts of art, the height, the depth of whose imagination and creative genius found even the extent of Nature too streightly bounded for it to move in?"[2] Pope, earlier in the century, had also declared for the "grace beyond the reach of art": "A cooler Judgment may commit fewer Faults, and be more approv'd in the Eyes of *One Sort* of Criticks: but that Warmth of Fancy will carry the loudest and more universal Applauses which holds the Heart of a Reader under the strongest Enchantment."[3]

[1]Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. by F. Sicha Jr. (Boston, 1945), chap. VI, 24.

[2]Mrs. Elizabeth Griffith, *The Morality of Shakespeare's Drama Illustrated* (London, 1775), 26; cf. R. W. Babcock, *The Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1931), 124-5.

[3]Pope, Preface to the translation of the *Iliad*; in W. H. Durham, *Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century* (New Haven, 1915), 341.

These were critical commonplaces of the period. The contemporary reader of Jane Austen's novel would recognize at once the critical distinctions between "art" and "nature" involved and would concur, perhaps, in extending the palm not to Mary's artful yet unpleasing rendition but to Elizabeth's "natural" singing despite its obvious failures in the "art" of voice cultivation. On the other hand, however, although Jane Austen's partiality for Elizabeth's vivid style is obvious, it would be a serious mistake to conclude that it was possible for either Jane Austen or her period to deprecate "art" altogether. Nothing could be further from the truth of eighteenth-century aesthetic standards, generally speaking. The whole point of the art-nature antithesis was that it was usable as a basis for erecting an apparatus for the critical analysis of painting, literature, and the fine arts, which by manipulation of the two contraries, "art" and "nature," found excellence in a just mixture of these two opposing qualities. In this kind of analysis, faults were identified with excesses in any one extreme or exclusive emphasis on one extreme of style. The rationalistic temper of the period required that excellence be found in a mean between two extremes.[4] Only those readers persuaded by the false classic-romantic dichotomy embalmed in the simpler sort of literary text-books will find in Jane Austen's relative partiality for Elizabeth an absolute condemnation of Mary's "art." As a matter of fact, those who read the novel in this rigid manner will fail to see that by a kind of calculated ambiguity, Jane Austen has purposely set up in the singing scene two alternative possibilities of interpretation: i.e., Elizabeth's "naturalness" is either praiseworthy or to be condemned. Before the novel's end, it will become apparent that, one alternative removed, the remaining alternative fixes the conception of Elizabeth's character and attitudes.[5]

The contrast between Elizabeth's "natural" and Mary's "artful" rendition is soon extended, as anyone can expect who is even moderately well read in eighteenth-century aesthetic discussion, to involve a second set of terms, held in essential opposition: "reason" and "feeling." Thus Mary comments on Elizabeth's decision to walk the three miles to the Bingley home in order to investigate Jane's illness: "I admire the activity of your benevolence, . . . but every impulse of feeling should be guided by reason; and, in my opinion, exertion should always be in proportion to what is

[4]Cf. the brilliant article, from which I have quoted practically verbatim, by R. S. Crane, "English Criticism: Neo-classicism," in *Dictionary of World Literature*, ed. by Joseph T. Shipley (New York, 1943); Crane also quotes appositely from an eighteenth-century source: "The same just moderation must be observed in regard to ornaments; nothing will contribute more to destroy repose than profusion. . . . On the other hand, a work without ornament, instead of simplicity, to which it makes pretensions, has rather the appearance of poverty." (P. 198.)

[5]Cf. Reuben A. Brower, "The Controlling Hand: Jane Austen and *Pride and Prejudice*" (*Scrutiny*, XIII, 1945, 99-111); Brower calls attention to this device of calculated ambiguity although he does not deal with the music episode.

required."[6] Art and reason are the terms on one side of the antithesis; nature and benevolence are the terms on the other side. The contextual shift along the line from "art" (a literary norm) to "reason" (an ethical norm) is readily recognizable as a commonplace in the neo-classical idea-complex. From Shaftesbury onwards, taste in art had almost invariably been conceived as a species of virtue. No notion was more characteristic of English neo-classicism than the idea that taste in the fine arts is an ally of morals. The eighteenth century believed that both the feeling for beauty and the prizing of what is decent and proper, perfect the character of the gentleman. As Alexander Gerard expressed it in his *Essay on Taste*: "A man of nice taste will have a stonger abhorrence of vice and a keener relish for virtue, in any given situation, than a person of dull organs can have in the same circumstances."[7] Because of the contextual shift or correlation of art with morals, Elizabeth's emotionalism is to be seen as the correlative of her artless singing. Furthermore, her indecorous behaviour, although clearly motivated by a warm devotion to her sick sister, Jane, also suggests, nevertheless, possibilities of censure, in that the century saw moral excellence as action conforming, as does good art, to a universal criterion of the mean between two extremes. In other words, Elizabeth's emotionalism is not only correlative to her natural style of singing but by calculated ambiguity is purposely presented in the novel in such a way as to suggest possibilities of both praise and censure. By means of this artistic device, the novel's end is practically dictated: that is, the period's rationalistic quest of the mean between two extremes requires that the probabilities for the heroine's behaviour be set up between two alternatives, neither of which is acceptable alone; the rejection of one alternative makes spectacularly clear to the heroine (and the reader) that the solution lies not in the remaining alternative but in a just moderation between the two.

In a third passage, the bi-polar terms "art" and "nature" reveal yet another tension in the neo-classical idea-complex, between "originality" (inspiration, spontaneity, singularity, enthusiasm, excess, the untutored genius—these are all synonymous in current critical usage) and the opposite of originality, the "rules" (regularity, uniformity, propriety, *bon sens*, the appeal to precedent and the example of Greek and Roman antiquity, the disciplined artist—these are all synonyms in the eighteenth-century vocabulary of criticism). The tension is brought to light in Mary's comment on Collins' letter: "In point of composition, . . . , his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed."[8] Mary's measured praise of Collins' epistolary style is in accord with Pope's dictum,

[6]Chap. VII, 32.

[7]Quoted by W. G. Howard, "Good Taste and Conscience" (*PMLA*, XXV, 1910, 486-97).

[8]Chap. XIII, 68.

> True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,

as only one expression out of many of the period's critical viewpoint towards "originality." Jane Austen's contemporary readers, simply because their values were the same as Jane Austen's, did not need to be reminded, as does the modern reader, either of the critical distinction between the term "originality" and its antithetical correlative "uniformity," or that these concepts were transvaluations of the basic antithesis between "art" and "nature." In the pattern, Mary is the symbol of art, reason, uniformity while Elizabeth is the symbol of nature, benevolence, originality.

The subject of letter-writing, in a fourth passage, causes a shift a second time in the narrative from art and nature, conceived unilaterally in their aesthetic application, to the question of a universal standard of excellence common to art and morals alike. Darcy is composing a letter and Miss Bingley, whose game it is to detract from Elizabeth's charm, monopolizes the conversation. In this sequence, Miss Bingley is twitting Darcy on his slow, laborious writing. In verbal parry and thrust, the information is elicited that Bingley, by contrast, is a rapid writer: "My ideas flow so rapidly that I have not time to express them; by which means my letters sometimes convey no ideas at all to my correspondents."[9] Elizabeth, who is only too eager to humble Darcy's pride—if she can—takes the occasion to praise Bingley's modesty in confessing his epistolary faults. Darcy, however, is not prone to accept her judgment, and he even condemns such modesty as a kind of hypocrisy. As the banter grows, it becomes clear that Darcy reproves "precipitance" (it is his own word) in letter-writing and in social conduct. The tie of friendship between Bingley and himself notwithstanding, there is no point, Darcy is saying, in shrinking from condemning Bingley's epistolary deficiencies. Darcy is offended by Bingley's epistolary improprieties as if they were moral misdemeanors—this, of course, is possible only because the period correlated art with morals. In addition, Darcy is arguing that Elizabeth is compounding the original error in seeking exculpation in friendship. Darcy's overbearing manner may be reprehensible, and before the novel's end he too will approach the mean and allow for the ties of friendship; but because of the century's rationalistic "religion," there is in his reprimand of Elizabeth and Bingley more of a defence of the universe's rational aims and goals than there is a defence of a purely literary standard. Propriety for Darcy is universal and immutable, imbedded in the rational scheme of things, or is, rather, the means of achieving life's rational ends.

Two additional passages, concentrating on Elizabeth's predilection for the artless, also reveal a background of eighteenth-century aesthetic discussion. One concerns the merits in landscape gardening as between the French trimmed garden and the English wild, natural garden, and the

[9]Chap. x, 49.

second, Longinus' theory of the "sublime." Mrs. Gardiner's invitation to Elizabeth to visit the Lake-country arouses Elizabeth's anticipations of pleasure in the sublimity of rocks and mountains: "What are men to rocks and mountains? Oh, what hours of transport we shall spend!"[10] In the second passage, Elizabeth's visit to Pemberley, Darcy's family seat, opens to her enraptured eyes the beauty of Pemberley's natural landscaping. It was "without any artificial appearance. Its banks were neither formal nor falsely adorned. Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more, or where natural beauty had been so little counteracted by an awkward taste."[11] In neither of these passages is the doctrine of "nature" extended to morals, but to the period, as we have seen, "nature" was simultaneously an aesthetic and ethical norm. "Transport," in particular, is a key word in the period to a protracted discussion of Longinus' theory of the "sublime." The transport afforded by rocks and mountains illustrates the interest in *beau désordre*, created by a shift within the neo-classical thought-complex away from a doctrine of uniform nature, regular and orderly, toward a doctrine which saw excellence in irregularity; the concomitant shift was from reason to emotion, from a rational deistic religion to a religion of "enthusiasm." In other words, both ethical and aesthetic criteria were involved in the discussion of "art" and "nature."[12]

These are the passages on art criticism which *Pride and Prejudice* yields to the attentive reader. However, as we have already seen, it is a quite dubious procedure which would attempt to establish a partiality on Jane Austen's part for any one of the critical ideas which the novel expresses. Critical ideas introduced within the context of a novel are not at all the same as critical ideas expressed in a formal treatise on the subject. At any rate, even if we waive the objection, the search for typical eighteenth-century critical ideas in *Pride and Prejudice* would nevertheless tend to miss the whole point, which can be expressed in the following way: in both great and small plots, the novel intends to invoke the same thoughts and attitudes about the antithesis of art and nature. The concentration, in fact, in the

[10]Chap. XXVII, 163.

[11]Chap. XLIII, 253. For discussion of the eighteenth-century vogue in gardening and the critical principles invoked, see B. S. Allen, *Tides in English Taste* (2 vols.; Cambridge, Mass., 1937).

[12]The basic studies of the entire question, in addition to Professor Crane's excellent condensation already referred to, are by Arthur O. Lovejoy: "The Parallel of Deism and Classicism" (*Modern Philology*, XXIX, 1932, 281-99); "Optimism and Romanticism" (*PMLA*, XLII, 1927, 921-45); " 'Nature' as an Aesthetic Norm" (*Modern Language Notes*, 1927, 444-50). For a discussion of the interest in the *beau désordre* of mountains see Claire Engel, *La Littérâture alpestre en France et en Angleterre* (Chambéry, 1930); however for strictures on Mlle Engel's over-simplification of the multivocality of the term "nature," precisely the question raised by Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, see the book reviewed in *Philological Quarterly*, XI, 1930, 175-7. For a typical statement, correlating taste and the moral sense, see Shaftesbury, *Characteristics*, ed. by J. M. Robertson (London, 1900), I, 262.

small plot on singing, letter-writing, the enjoyment of mountainous sublimity, the appreciation of gardening, carries out Jane Austen's carefully premeditated plan for increasing the availability of the art-nature antithesis for the love plot or basic situation of the novel. In other words, the art-nature antithesis is abstracted into a symbolism adequate to cover the adventures and misadventures which keep Elizabeth and Darcy apart in mutual repulsion at the beginning of the tale and bring them together at the end. Instead, therefore, of selecting passages by an eclectic method in the interest of a systematic exposition of Jane Austen's views on art, the passages ought to be chosen by a formal method, treating the book as an art form with its own laws of development, in the interest of establishing the mutual appropriateness of the art-nature antithesis to the probabilities for action set up in the characters, who are arranged along a scale from one extreme of behaviour suggested by the terms art and reason to the extreme at the opposite end of the scale suggested by the terms nature and emotion.

The purpose of this essay, therefore, is first to establish the art-nature antithesis as the ground of the book's action and its mode of organization and, second, to show that the doctrine of art and reason is extended to morals, to include, in particular, a concept of class relationships. Darcy's pride of class is persistently misunderstood by Elizabeth and what she must learn is that his pride—under proper limitations—is appropriate and a proper human trait. Contrariwise, Darcy must learn that Elizabeth's prejudice for dealing with humans *qua* humans, irrespective of class, is—again under proper limitations—appropriate and an admirable human trait. Thus between the problem posed in the initial scenes of the novel and its resolution at the book's end is a dialectic which separates the two leading characters in the beginning and joins them at the end in a mean between the two extremes which each respectively represents. Jane Austen has a host of admirers, but it seems merely idle to praise her perfection of form without being able to indicate in specific ways how the perfection is achieved. The governing idea of *Pride and Prejudice* is the art-nature antithesis; the perfection of form is achieved through relating each character and incident to the basic art-nature dialectic. A concentration on the art-nature contrast at the book's beginning in the sequence describing Mary's art and Elizabeth's artlessness prepares the reader to recognize that it is precisely the same dialectic between whose ebb and flow Elizabeth and Darcy, in their conflicting attitudes towards class relationships, gyrate. Tracing the art-nature dialectic will give clearer meaning to *Pride and Prejudice* and will show how completely dedicated Jane Austen was to the art of fiction.

II

The ethical expression of the art-nature opposition which governs the novel appears in an antithesis between primitivism and society. The reader of Jane Austen's novel should recall that because of a vogue in the eighteenth

century of primitivistic discussion, the term "nature" had also established itself as one item of an antithesis on another level between the "arts" (man-made) and that which is in "nature" (God-made); the antithesis could be used to indicate whether civilization was progressing from the primitive state of nature because of man's progress in the arts, manufactures, organized government, and private property; or, conversely, whether civilization was retrograding because the arts, manufactures, government, and private property represented a perversion of nature. Elizabeth's prejudice toward Darcy's pride of class, her insistence on dealing with humans *qua* humans (naturally, that is) express the ideas at the primitivistic pole of the antithesis; Darcy is the spokesman for civilization, man-made and not in "nature," especially as he speaks in terms of a theory of class stratification. Elizabeth represents "man-in-nature," the earlier felicity and joy existing in the class-less, government-less, property-less conditions surrounding men in the Garden of Eden before the Fall. Darcy represents the consequences of the fall of man, the arts of society and government necessary to restrain the wickedness and greed of men resulting from their fall from the bliss of Eden. In Darcy culminates a centuries-old tradition, carefully nurtured by Christian thinkers throughout the medieval period and carried down to modern times without significant change.

Aristotle held that government was natural to men[13] but the idea was suppressed in Christian thought by the doctrine of the Fall. Interpreting the Fall, the Christian thinkers held that the nature of men was irrevocably altered. Consequently they argued that although government and private property did not exist in nature, still they are not in contradiction to natural law. Fleeing from the state of nature for the sake of protection from each other's wickedness, men constituted government in a mutual pact to save their lives. Similarly, in order to restrain greed it was decided to institute private property, since each man would protect what was his own and each would fear to rob another because of fear of the consequences. St. Thomas Aquinas states the official position:

> Community of goods is ascribed to the natural law, not that the natural law dictates that all things should be possessed in common, and that nothing should be possessed as one's own; but because the division of possessions is not according to the natural law, but rather arose from human agreement which belongs to positive law, as stated above. Hence the ownership of possessions is not contrary to the natural law but an addition thereto devised by human reason.[14]

In the thought of St. Augustine, the analysis rests on a distinction between absolute and relative righteousness. Absolute righteousness has swallowed up all sin—it is total. Relative righteousness, however, is adjusted to the defect of sin. Thus St. Augustine recognizes government and property, things condemned from the absolute point of view, because, from the

[13]Aristotle *Politics* 1235*a*.30.

[14]St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologiae*, sec. secundae, quaest. 66, 2, 1; literally translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province (New York, 1918), 224.

relative point of view, they have elements of good in them. Property is not "quod postulat ordo creaturam" but it is "quod exigit mentum peccatorum." God willed the state and property "propter remedium peccatorum."[15]

Pax, *ordo*, *societas*—the words reverberate throughout Christian ethical thought. "*Ordo*" explains righteousness as consisting in the performance of allotted tasks or delegated functions as a direct corollary of the principle of private property; hence, the theory of social stratification. Society consists of a hierarchy of classes, each of which has its social mission, social destiny, social intelligence, inclusive of all those within the class, exclusive of all others who have in turn their own social missions, social destinies, etc. No one class is more important than another. Each is equally acceptable to God. Together, all the classes contribute to the social good. Social stratification is implied in the rational order of the universe. The formal principle of man is his rationality; virtue, therefore, is action conformable to reason. Thus for each individual, action should conform to his social class with due respect to classes above and below him in the social ladder.

It follows, consequently, that social superiority is not an arrogant right and a demand that the lower classes serve the upper servilely. It means, rather, that there are reciprocal bonds of rights and duties binding the classes. Only by discharging one's class duties can one's class rights be requested in return. The *locus classicus* of this doctrine of class, in English literature at least, is the compact entered into by Piers Plowman and the Knight in the medieval social allegory, *Piers Plowman*. Piers will till the fields for the Knight—field labour is his allotted task; but, in return, the Knight must protect him from robbers and feed him in famine years from the manorial granary—protection and care are the Knight's allotted tasks. John of Salisbury, a typical medieval theorist, states the theory of reciprocal rights and duties:

> For inferiors owe it to their superiors to provide them with service, just as the superiors in their turn owe it to their inferiors to provide them with all things needful for their protection and succor. . . . Then and then only will the health of the commonwealth be sound and flourishing when the higher members shield the lower, and the lower respond faithfully and fully in like measure to the just demands of their superiors, so that each and all are as it were members one of another by a sort of reciprocity.[16]

In countless sermons and moralistic works of the eighteenth century, the doctrine of social stratification was widely disseminated.

III

We are now at the heart of the Elizabeth-Darcy problem. The issues are clear: (1) A tension is created between the conceptions of man-in-nature and man-in-society; the first deals with humans *qua* humans, the second

[15]St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, X. IX. 15.

[16]John of Salisbury, *Policraticus*, trans. by John Dickinson (New York, 1937), VI. XX, p. 243.

deals with humans as the "art" of society directs their activities. (2) Pride in class is a proper and justifiable human trait; superiority, so far from being a usurped right, is actually a heavy burden of duties which one assumes; the essential meaning of *noblesse oblige* is this willingness to serve. (3) Since no class exists for itself but is bound by reciprocated rights and duties to classes above and below, social non-compliance is represented either in improper respect for classes above or in delinquency in duty to classes below. (4) The system embodies the universal criterion of the mean between the two extremes; the individual's worth *qua* individual is adjusted to his worth as a member of a social class, whatever his class may be; a dialectic separates the natural man from man as the art of society has created him; nature and art are the juxtaposed terms. Considering the dialectic which separates the two terms, it is instructive to observe how the great Renaissance rationalist, Bishop Hooker, formulated the problem. He pointed out that individuals who are perfectly exemplary are not necessarily the same considered as members of society: "It is both commonly said, and truly, that the best men otherwise are not always the best in regard of society. The reason whereof is, for that the law of men's actions is one, if they be respected only as men; and another, when they are considered as parts of a public body. Many men there are, than whom nothing is more commendable when they are singled; and yet in society with others none less fit to answer the duties which are looked for at their hands."[17]

Since it is Darcy who capitulates first and early in the book, the real concern of the author is evidently Elizabeth's quest of the mean between the two extremes of "art" and "nature." It is Elizabeth who must set her emotional house in order and learn to evaluate all that has happened to her in terms of the mean between the two extremes of the "art" of human relationships and humans in their "natural" associations. In Bishop Hooker's terms, she is an exemplary person as an individual, but she is socially deficient. On the other hand, Darcy is socially exemplary but is deficient in naturalness.

In the letter-writing scene, resentful of Darcy's stiff-necked pride, Elizabeth scores a point for herself, although ostensibly she is defending Bingley's relaxed epistolary style against Darcy's condemnation of such indecorum. She says: "You appear to me, Mr. Darcy, to allow nothing for the influence of friendship and affection."[18] Elizabeth may be right, but she may be wrong also. Darcy scores a point for reason and the "art" of human relationships when he replies: "Pride—where there is a real superiority of mind—pride will always be under good regulation."[19] Pride, he is saying, is a proper human trait; but Elizabeth is scornful. Her preju-

[17]Bishop Hooker, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Politie*, ed. by R. W. Church (Oxford, 1896), I. xvi. 6, pp. 103-4.

[18]Chap. x, 51.

[19]Chap. xi, 60.

dice for dealing with humans *qua* humans, irrespective of class standards, naturally instead of artfully, emotionally instead of rationally, has nearly fatal consequences for her in so far as it almost brings her to a marriage with Wickham.

Wickham precipitates the main action. In the first place, he raises the crucial problem of reciprocated rights and duties. The question is whether the Darcys, father and son, have been true to their class mission of rewarding a faithful servitor. Slyly but shrewdly, Wickham encourages Elizabeth to believe that the younger Darcy has been remiss in his social duties. The entire incident is revealing not only of Wickham's rascality but of Darcy's class idealism and of Elizabeth's failure to consider more sympathetically Darcy's class pride which debars him from expostulating even when he has been seriously libelled.

The fundamental principle of *noblesse oblige* is never to complain, never to explain. No gentleman will either complain or explain when his actions are falsely reported. It is beneath Darcy's pride to explain that Wickham had signed away for cash his right to the Darcy patronage. Darcy by his attitude acknowledges the merit of the phrase "*honi soit qui mal y pense*"—and it is certainly part of Elizabeth's later humiliation that she must recognize her failure to understand Darcy's silence. With perfect consistency, Darcy afterwards serves Elizabeth silently and well in the Lydia-Wickham elopement by removing the financial obstacles in the way of the marriage. On the other hand, Wickham further displays his lack of principles in his loud complaints to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth falls victim to Wickham's strategy only because of her prejudice for dealing with people naturally, irrespective of class. It is characteristic of her that she seeks to measure Darcy for human consistency and she fails for the obvious reason that she is measuring him with the wrong measuring stick. This is brought out in her reply to Wickham that, granting Darcy his pride, his pride alone should have encouraged him to discharge his class obligation to his former steward: "How strange! . . . How abominable! I wonder that the very pride of this Mr. Darcy has not made him just to you! If from no better motive, that he should not have been too proud to be dishonest—for dishonesty I must call it."[20]

In a chastened spirit, Elizabeth learns to respect Darcy's pride of class. Her surrender is expressed explicitly in the words which she intends to remove her father's anxiety about her impending marriage with Darcy: "I love him. Indeed he has no improper pride."[21] A complete surrender of either Darcy or Elizabeth to the other would completely falsify the eighteenth century's ideal of moderation and would obscure the basic art-nature antithesis. As it is, the partial capitulation of each to the other makes clear that each recognizes that every quality has its corresponding

[20]Chap. xvi, 86.
[21]Chap. lix, 390.

defect. With a sudden pleasant surprise, the reader recalls that early in the novel, Jane Austen, with an irony that must have been deliberate, suggests the idea as the premise upon which in the central sequence of the novel the quest proceeds for the mean between extremes when she has Darcy say: "There is, I believe, in every disposition a tendency to some particular evil, a natural defect, which not even the best education can overcome."[22] The exposure of Wickham's perfidy makes Elizabeth, as she reflects backwards on her wilful misunderstanding of Darcy's class idealism, realize her defect of considering people exclusively in their natural relations with corresponding neglect of their opposite qualities arising out of their social relations as the arts of government and society shape them.

It is not intended to suggest that Elizabeth is a doctrinaire revolutionary, aiming to level all classes. There is not a single statement in the novel which can be construed as politically tendentious. On this score alone, the critics are quite right who point out that Jane Austen was totally unaffected by the currents of thought set up by the French Revolution; not even her relative residing in her house, whose husband was beheaded by the guillotine, moved her to interpret the Revolution. Yet *Pride and Prejudice* is not merely a mild satire on manners but, as we have seen, hands down a social verdict. The satire in the novel on social institutions hardly ripples the surface, but the currents underneath are powerful. If the conclusion of the novel makes clear that Elizabeth accepts class relationships as valid, it becomes equally clear that Darcy, through Elizabeth's genius for treating all people with respect for their natural dignity, is reminded that institutions are not an end in themselves but are intended to serve the end of human happiness.

If Elizabeth is not a Leveller, intent on levelling all classes, it is nevertheless interesting to observe how much the spirit of the great seventeenth-century Levellers has entered into her mind. Modern democracy was forged, as we know, in the fiery furnace of the Cromwellian revolution. The noblest words ever spoken for democracy came from the famous Putney Debates in which the question was raised whether property should be a qualification for voting. Rainborough, a Leveller, declared: "For really I think that the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live, as the greatest he."[23] Rainborough was defeated and the property qualification remained. The steady growth, however, of the franchise in England bears witness to the fact that Leveller ideas of respect for natural human dignity have never failed to inspire English political thinking. Perhaps this is merely another way of pointing to the English genius for bringing about the most revolutionary changes in the mildest way possible. The compromise effected between Elizabeth and Darcy represents the same phenomenon, and in this sense Elizabeth is a Leveller and Darcy represents

[22]Chap. xi, 60.

[23]Quoted by A. S. P. Woodhouse, *Puritanism and Liberty* (London, 1938), 53.

those in the Cromwellian group who argued for the preservation of the property qualification. Elizabeth learns that we must not scorn the accumulated wisdom of past experience which has shaped during centuries the institution of class; Darcy, on the other hand, learns that conservatism need not be impervious to new ideas. And here, perhaps, we have the sufficient answer to those critics of Jane Austen who claim that she was politically and socially obtuse. A livelier appreciation among readers of Jane Austen's novel of the potency of the terms "art" and "nature" in the thinking of such typical eighteenth-century political writers as Burke, Rousseau, Priestley, and Paine, would make it clearer that the art-nature antithesis was an explicit intellectual formulation growing out of the rationalistic spirit of the age. Developed now in aesthetic discussion and now in political discussion, the terms at the bottom were the same since the century sought a universal criterion of a mean between extremes common to art and morals alike.

IV

It is perhaps already apparent how the art-nature antithesis is basic to the novel, every character and incident standing in expressive relationship to the concept.

Wickham as we have seen brings the problem of the "art" of class to a sharp focal point. But even more important to the basic scheme of the novel, joining all its parts in a coherent whole, is the interesting parallel between Wickham and Mrs. Bennet. Mr. Bennet is intellectually superior to his fatuous wife and unhappily wedded. If we question why he married his wife in the first place, we find an exact parallel to the Elizabeth-Wickham romance. Mr. Bennet must have responded to his wife's "natural" charms as a young girl. But since education or breeding, or what we may call "art," has added nothing to her natural charm, Mrs. Bennet lacks the just mixture of the opposing qualities of "art" and "nature." In exactly the same way, Elizabeth is attracted by Wickham's natural gaiety and charm. His nature, however, is impervious to breeding and gentlemanly virtue. Obviously the point is that had Elizabeth married Wickham, her fate would have been a copy of her father's. Her married life would have been as desolate as her father's of companionship worthy of respect.

The two hoydens, Lydia and Kitty, are fitted into the basic scheme in a very obvious way. They are feather-brained and totally irresponsible. No amount of breeding or "art" would ever correct their natures. Only Mr. Bennet's grim watchfulness to prevent a second catastrophe will probably save Kitty from her own natural waywardness.

Lady Catherine de Bourgh presents another variant of the class concept. She is born to her class, as is Darcy, but she represents merely the husk of the doctrine of class, not its inner living spirit. Her arrogant demands that Elizabeth give up Darcy reveal that her mind has been brutalized rather

than stimulated to kindness by her notion of her class mission. The "art" of human relationships of which she is a devotee has no really human bearings whatsoever. She enters into the plan of the novel in a second way by creating a parallel with Darcy. The fact of the case clearly is that Lady Catherine represents what Darcy might have become, his pride of class hardening into brutality, had not Darcy met Elizabeth and had he not learned from her to soften his astringent class idealism with human kindness for people in their natural dignity.

Collins' fatuous adoration of aristocracy is acidly etched in such a way as to expose the fault of exclusive emphasis on class with neglect of the opposite quality of "nature." He is a class-casuist who empties the ideal of any meaning.

Jane and Bingley are also related to the novel's sequence of ideas as they are determined by the art-nature antithesis. Jane and Bingley have natural compatibilities for one another. Essentially benevolent, the problem of "art" superadding to their "natural" qualities is obviated altogether.

Dull, moralizing Mary is doomed to spinsterhood. She is usually omitted from most critical commentaries on the novel. In fact, Barker, in his *History of the English Novel*, calls her a "missfire," unrelated to the plot.[24] Actually, however, she is made to carry out the important office of introducing strategically into the novel, by way of a contrast with Elizabeth, the pole of "art" in the art-nature antithesis. The shallow currents which Mary sets in motion draw Elizabeth to powerful eddies at the centre of the novel.

Jane Austen's consciousness of tradition and moral values is as acute as her sense of the perilous disunity of life is deep. But to the extent to which novelists of other periods have also taken as their theme the disunity created by the clash of reason and emotion, conventions and instinct, officialdom and individualism, civilization and nature, it can be argued with reason that it is not essential to the understanding of *Pride and Prejudice* to recognize its eighteenth-century mode. Owen Wister's *The Virginian* may be taken as an example. The clash between the prim morality of the New England school-marm, Molly Wood, and the instinct or pragmatism of the cowboy who gives the novel its title, represents, more or less, the same conflict which disturbs Elizabeth and Darcy. The objection may be allowed to stand, yet we cannot dispense with the historical approach for the important reason that it is the historical approach which lays bare the novel as an art-form. A comparison of *Pride and Prejudice* with Mrs. Inchbold's *Nature and Art* (1795) will make the point clear. The eighteenth century's specific formulation of the art-nature antithesis is basic to both novels. Yet when one decants from the surface of Mrs. Inchbold's novel the art-nature ideas, one discovers—without surprise—that nothing is left, her novel is merely a tract, and there is, consequently, hardly any question

[24] Vol. VI (London, 1935), 89.

of its art. The same operation on *Pride and Prejudice*, on the other hand, also takes everything away but, paradoxically, leaves everything behind. The historical reconstruction can indeed be separated from, and, in fact, should precede, literary criticism; otherwise, the critic may be ignorant of relevant information, unaware of changed conventions, and caught up in modern democratic prejudices. The important things are to prevent irrelevant criticism of the eighteenth century's seriously pondered theory of social stratification, and to note the novel's context of moral values not as students of moral philosophy (this could be studied as well or even better in Mrs. Inchbold's tract) but as art critics; i.e., to note the appropriateness of the eighteenth century's favorite art-reason dialectic to a specific satirical method which finds its fictional types now dialectically separated at extremes and now dialectically brought together in a mean of behaviour between extremes. The satirical method, that is, is predetermined by prevailing eighteenth-century intellectual assumptions, preconceptions, and moral sanctions in a way unavailable to Owen Wister's *The Virginian* except as the latter faintly echoes ideas first discussed with greater seriousness during the "enlightenment" of the eighteenth century.

THE INTERACTION OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

JOHN K. MCCREARY

PRECISE definitions are always difficult, yet for clearness we must attempt to differentiate philosophy, religion, and the philosophy of religion. Conceivably one could have a philosophy which was non-religious, and a religion which was non-philosophical. This assertion may surprise some persons, yet historically we see a sharp division between philosophy and religion which may be illustrated in the thought of, say, Aristotle and Luther. (We might think also of the strange combination of two contradictory strains in Augustine, the philosophical and the theological. Yet again, in Athanasius, we find a religious rather than a philosophical passion.) Now the philosophy of religion stands as a third factor, as it were, between the other two. It is seen to exist and function in the most varied types of philosophy, seeking to extract a religion from those philosophies or to construct one in consequence of their doctrines or yet again to relate such doctrines to a religion already recognized.

Philosophy was described long ago by Plato as the "synoptic" view of things; and, while this unquestionably included a critical analysis, it is particularly since the work of Kant (not forgetting the preparation by men such as Descartes and Locke) that philosophy is seen to be the critical interpretation of human experience.

However religion may define itself, it does tend to become a distinct and, we might say, self-sufficient field of investigation if not of experience. Even if the definition which regards religion as the earliest form of the social consciousness, supplying conditions for further advance, be taken provisionally, we can see how religion tends towards closed systems (Luther, Calvin, Barth) and seeks to escape the rational or empirical assumptions which mark philosophy as such.

Now the philosophy of religion is concerned, as a mediator between the other two, with the analysis and interpretation of the facts supplied by the history of religion in the most comprehensive sense of that term—all religions of the civilized and uncivilized world, dead and living, religion in short as a historical and psychological phenomenon in all its manifestations. Such facts constitute the data of the philosophy of religion, but they themselves do not constitute a philosophy or science of religion. The philosophy of religion takes serious account of these data. Crude and even ridiculous as man's earliest religious ideas may appear, they represent, for the philosophy of religion, at least the first stirrings of emotions perhaps the most characteristic of man as man—emotions which, with advancing knowledge and a deeper moral experience, find for themselves gradually a more adequate object and a more reasonable expression.

The problem of finding a valid method in the philosophy of religion is not an easy one. In its study of the history of religion, the philosophy of

religion takes careful note of what is progressively discarded, and what is retained and carried forward to be still further purified; for the philosophy of religion this procedure constitutes the surest guide to the essence of true religion.

I

In light of the foregoing, the function of a philosophy of religion emerges as determined by the union of distinct viewpoints: Philosophy is the synoptic view of existence and the critical interpretation of experience; Religion, provisionally defined, is the earliest form of the social consciousness, supplying the conditions of further advance; the Philosophy of Religion as a mediator between the other two is concerned with the analysis and interpretation of the facts supplied by the history of religion. Its method is anthropological, viewing the evolution of human life in its widest sense, and interpreting beginnings in the light of later development; religion is seen to manifest its presence in the form of historical "episodes" and "significant contrasts"—e.g. the founding of the Christian religion and the Crucifixion story in particular.

Now a survey of recent literature suggests that there is a significant relation between the conclusions which are reached about religion and the influences which dominate the systematic thought of the different writers. In order to examine this relation three outstanding philosophers may be selected, William James, Samuel Alexander, and Josiah Royce.

The basis of the pragmatic view of philosophy and religion held by James is the new biological science which emerged in the nineteenth century. "The energies of men" are fundamentally related to the religion of "healthy-mindedness" or to the religion of the "sick soul"—to an aggressive pluralistic or to a passive monistic outlook.

The basis of Alexander's physical realism and religious cosmology is the scheme of thought of the new physics wherein system is seen as the universal form of the physical. Alexander defines God, deity, and human values in terms of the physical system. While the philosophy of Alexander is a form of realism, it has a marked affinity with the idealistic type of thought developed by Spinoza and Hegel. Alexander posits Being and seeks to make it intelligible in a mathematicological manner combined with a doctrine of emergence. The concept of systematic relations as used in this type of realism involves a procedure which can be compared with that of Hegel or Whitehead.

While the Hegelian tradition underlies Royce's view, it is modified and altered in his thought. Following the idea of system, relation, coherence, and the scale of values associated with this idea, Royce replaces the abstractness of the "absolute" with the concreteness of a "world-community" or the concept of a social organism. Loyalty to this "whole" is religion.

Thus, noting that in comparatively modern times there have arisen new views in biology, the new physics, and the new conception of a social

organism, we may assert that the pragmatism of James, the physical realism of Alexander, and the socio-ethical idealism of Royce are seen, respectively, to be fundamentally associated with these movements. Hence James is brought to the question of a possible or true religious philosophy from the standpoint of biology and psychology; in the case of Alexander the interest is rather cosmological, an attempt being made to find value in the universe; and for Royce the problem is primarily social and ethical.

II

Biology, since the immense impetus given to it by Darwin, has stood in, or at least near, the forefront of human interest. It has exercised a more important influence than any other branch of knowledge on the shaping of our general conception of nature and man. (It is too early to say what implications recent developments in physical science may hold in this respect, dramatic and startling as they are.) Biological science, with its fundamental conception of evolution, recognizes that in the organism we are face to face with an individual whose nature is to maintain and reproduce in the face of varying environment its structure and activities as a whole. The organism is a self-conserving system which acts as a whole and none of the actions of its parts can be fully or naturally understood except as the determinate functions (or specialized operations) of such a system. Life or vitality is the presupposition of this physiological growth and self-conservation; it is the fact on which their existence is based, the fact which biology simply has to accept, as the other sciences accept their presuppositions.

In the natural struggle for survival which we find in the organism, we are brought to psychological conceptions; terms such as stimulus, response, behaviour, all imply the power of adaptation to environmental change by which the organism maintains and develops its own characteristic being. Indeed all this seems to be involved in the very notion of an individual.

Now James was well aware of the relation of biology to psychology and of psychology to religious experience. His psychology presupposes the biological science which emerged in the nineteenth century. The impact of both on the religious thought of James is likewise apparent. Quite naturally he puts biological processes before developed emotion and thought, since they are fundamental to these. By this is implied the denial of a structural psychology which would consider psychological elements apart from physiological processes.

Rejecting the metaphysical hypostasis of a "soul" as a transcendent reality, James nevertheless avoids mechanistic materialism; he gives *activity* a central place as something without which it is not possible to present a complete statement of the facts. Somewhat anticipated in Descartes, but more definitely in Lotze, James (with Lange) developed a view of emotions which includes in them not only the physiological aspects of behaviour but also the "idea" as a unique personal event; in short,

there is the "idea" which is accompanied by a total organic reaction by means of which the "idea" as personal event is welded into the concrete psycho-physical process known as experience. James, moreover, in his recognition of activity as a determining factor, not only represents our mental processes as psychical operations, but represents them as themselves *performing these operations*. He tells us that "the same reality can be *cognized* by an endless number of psychic states," and that the "feelings from our viscera and other dimly felt organs . . . may be very vague cognizers of the same realities which other *conscious states* cognize and name exactly."[1] Again he says: "We may explain how one bit of thought can come to judge other bits to belong to the same ego with itself."[2] "Each pulse of cognitive consciousness," he remarks, "each thought, dies away and is replaced by another. The other, among the things it knows, knows its own predecessor, and finding it 'warm,' in the way we have described, greets it, saying: 'Thou art *mine*, and part of the same self with me.' "[3] For James the momentary state or "pulse" of consciousness is itself the knower, the judge, the subject of experience; in the end agent and activity are one. "The passing Thought then seems to be the Thinker."[4] "And yet turn we must, with the confession that our 'Thought'—a cognitive phenomenal event in time—is, if it exist at all, itself the only Thinker which the facts require." "If the passing thought be the directly verifiable existent which no school has hitherto doubted it to be, then that thought is itself the thinker, and psychology need not look beyond."[5] Whether or not James has succeeded in stating the psycho-physical nature of experience adequately is a question that need not detain us. Perhaps Lotze has done better in his assertion that we ***know*** the plurality as object while we ***are*** the unity as subject. (Yet this assumes the Kantian division of noumenal and phenomenal as two aspects of reality, regarded as both implied in the given actuality of life.)

We may agree with James, at least provisionally, that the subject of psychical action cannot obviously be seen to be other than the activities in question, i.e., the subject should not be thought of as existing independently of the activities assigned to it (that view involving the difficulties, irresolvable it seems, in the conception of a Kantian noumenal ego).

Now the whole religious view of James rests on this biological-psychological basis; "the energies of men" (or we might say the lack of them or their weakening) are fundamentally related to one's vigour and insight, two qualities which James found essential for religious belief. (Likewise, for him philosophy was more a matter of passionate vision than of logic.) And without the vigorous insight of perceptual flow in the stream of consciousness "healthy-mindedness" was, for James, impossible. With such insight, the "subject" of adequate religious experience could tackle a universe divided against itself and fight for the good (or the god)

[1] *Principles of Psychology* (New York, 1918), I, 173-4; italics mine.
[2] *Ibid.*, 331. [3] *Ibid.*, 339. [4] *Ibid.*, 342. [5] *Ibid.*, 369, 401.

in which it found deepest satisfaction. James is frankly interested in this way of interpreting religious experience, as may be seen particularly in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. For his purposes he went so far, however, as to utilize pragmatically the Absolute of idealism; he did this in honour of the "sick soul" whose energies might be at low ebb, who might indeed be "all sicklied o'er" with the sense of weakness, of helpless failure, and of fear. And James is frank enough to admit that "we are all *potentially* such sick men." There are times when the demand for assurance which springs from the sense of our own biological-psychological helplessness is a demand for an absolutistic or monistic philosophy. The question as to whether James was tending towards a monistic way of thought near the close of his life has not been satisfactorily settled. (J. S. Bixler and W. E. Hocking take negative and positive views respectively.) Probably James was most marked by the attitude expressed in a letter written in 1878 to Mrs. James: "Take away the guaranty [i.e., a monistic Absolute], and I feel (provided I am *überhaupt* in vigorous condition) a sort of deep enthusiastic bliss, of bitter willingness to do and suffer anything, which translates itself physically by a kind of stinging pain inside my breast-bone (don't smile at this—it is to me an essential element of the whole thing!) and which, although it is a mere mood or emotion to which I can give no form in words, authenticates itself to me as the deepest principle of all active and theoretic determination which I possess."[6]

III

Adopting a scheme based on the new physics, Alexander seeks to reach an organization of the cosmos, i.e., the conception of order; and he defines God, deity, and human values in terms of that physical system. The physico-theology of Alexander (like that of Aristotle and Whitehead) finds corroboration in natural philosophy, a term now in general disuse. Developed within a scheme of scientific empiricism, Alexander's physicalism is concerned with observable properties of things, and even more with relations or order in Space-Time; this factor becomes a ground of verification for a universal Telos involving the particular religious views which emerge from Alexander's system.

Whereas James was concerned with the process of emergence from a biological-psychological standpoint, directed especially towards the interpretation of individual experience, Alexander makes the process of emergence a metaphysical principle which, combined with his empirical realism, seeks a union of the absoluteness of law in physics with the unpredictability of emergent qualities. His position appears to be an alternative to absolute idealism on the one hand and materialism on the other.

For the ancients, and in modern classical physical science, the original stuff was matter and motion; for Alexander, following Einstein and others, it is indivisible Space-Time (not space and time). Nature begins as a four-

[6] *Letters* (Boston, 1920), I, 199-200.

dimensional matrix in which Proto-Space-Time is the moving principle: materiality, secondary qualities, life, mentality are all emergent modifications of Proto-Space-Time. Mind is the nervous system blossoming out into the capacity of awareness. Contemplative knowledge, where the object is set over against the mind, and the actual experiencing or enjoying of reality, constitute the two forms of knowledge. Alexander conceives deity as the next highest level to be emerged out of any given level; thus for beings on the level of life, mind is deity, but for beings possessing minds there is a nisus or urge towards a still higher quality of deity. The quality next above any given level is deity to the beings on that level. For men deity has not yet emerged but there is a nisus towards its emergence.

Alexander's teaching takes serious account of the new physics. Whereas Aristotle in his *scala universei*, involving the local distinction of *up* and *down* with the qualitative distinction of *light* and *heavy* (interpreting the latter as an ultimate difference in the properties of matter, an oppositeness *in kind*), is unable to combine these various concepts in the synthetic category of *weight*, so that (along with his effective segregation of circular or celestial motion from rectilinear or terrestrial motion) he has no single category for movements of heavenly and earthly bodies, Alexander, on the contrary, follows the new views of Newton and Einstein. That is to say, instead of the universe remaining the theatre of uncorrelated principles working without intelligible relation to one another, Alexander sees it as one system. Newton's advance on Aristotle enables him to do this. The Aristotelian—and Cartesian—mistake of treating the phenomenon of motion as a thing in itself is replaced by the more probable Leibnitzian view of the phenomena of motion interpreted as manifestations of the laws of force. It is only so that they can reveal the functional relations which permit us to correlate them as a whole. By means of these laws we are able to view the most diverse and seemingly opposed phenomena as the outward expression of uniformly and universally operating principles. The synoptic method is promoted by the fact that where the laws of motion stand out against one another in contradiction, the laws of force (or as we say now, energy) give themselves to mutual adjustment and combination.

In the work of Newton the main contribution is, perhaps, the crossing of the Law of Inertia with the Law of Gravitation, whereby a synthetic principle is reached to which all movements within the solar system, terrestrial and celestial alike, are subject. Newton postulates a single system where Aristotle required several. The ancients could not find a physics to harmonize with their astronomy or an astronomy that would not give the lie to their physics; Newton, with his views on dynamics and gravitation, supplied a new physics for the new astronomy. And Einstein, in his reformulation of the conception of gravitation, carries over the Newtonian conception of the relationship of gravity to inertia.

This physical mode of thought has determined Alexander's point of view. He sees system as the universal form of the physical. Thus, for

example, wherever entities occur or exist (say events in space) we may be sure that a system of some sort is presupposed, and that the entity is a function of that system. In the physical world nothing exists or occurs which is not a function of something. The functional relation involved is defined as causality; nothing occurs except in a relation of causal dependence. Causal law must therefore be conceived as universal. The existence of causal systems does not prove that nature is a single causal system, yet Alexander appears to regard the hypothesis that the world is a single system of causally connected events as more probable than the hypothesis that there are many independent and unconnected causal systems in the world.

Considering the modalities of being in this way has not been without purpose in Alexander's thought; he has evidently had the intention of finding whether there is a "spiritual" character marking the physical system. His early studies in the field of moral philosophy led him to consider the question of value in the universe as a whole. His approach as compared with James's is as macrocosm compared with microcosm, methodologically speaking.

Alexander regards Space-Time as the "stuff" out of which all things are made. Mind, as a thing among other things, is a spatio-temporal complex (a "point-instant") in the matrix of Space-Time. Values originate through the amalgamation of minds with other objects and these values become known linguistically and publicly as truth, beauty, and goodness. In the restlessness of Space-Time these human values have their place as possessed by minds.

The original theology which Alexander has offered is fascinating from the point of view of religious speculation. He has given it seriously yet not dogmatically, but rather in the casual spirit in which Whitehead has presented his somewhat similar cosmology in *Process and Reality*. It savours of that "over-belief" in which James so often and so deliberately indulged.

If one may be permitted a critical observation at this point, it would be that, as James over-emphasized individual religious experience at the expense of the deeper relations of our social experience, Alexander has over-stressed the view of the "mass of humanity" and has perhaps not taken sufficient account of unique individuality.

IV

Hegelianism, which underlies the idealism of Royce, is both a doctrine and a method. The two would appear to be logically inseparable: the method is the formulation of the doctrine, and the doctrine is the expression of the method. The method is the dialectic. Formally it is constituted by the triadic thesis, antithesis, and synthesis. Hegel manipulates this formal apparatus with a view to presenting especially the larger patterns of his

subject-matter. He is concerned by means of it to emphasize the logical structure underlying contrariety and resolution. In his work the method is grounded in system: the transition from thesis and antithesis to synthesis is held to be necessitated by the structure of the system within which it is grounded. Consequently the dialectical advance exhibits the structure of the system which is its matrix; the synthesis is positive throughout. This characteristic of the method, its "holding fast the positive in the negative," is what Hegel calls *negativity;* and this characteristic is to him the essence of the dialectic.

The sort of system which grounds the method is one having factual content; dialectical analysis is possible only within systems which are factual, that is, constituted by statements of fact and statements of possibility grounded in fact. Dialectical analysis being identical with the resolution of contraries, the method is the delineation of systems which are real, and the doctrine of reality is nothing other than a detailed statement of the result. Such a statement is the final category of dialectical analysis, the *Absolute Idea;* this is the "truth" of *Being.*

Now for Hegel, the Absolute Idea is always externalizing itself in nature and reaching self-consciousness through the historical development of culture. The world-mind is within the processes of nature. Science is in a sense the tracing of world-thought. In its fabric the world is nothing less than the object of an eternal thought. In the expression of this thought nature is a whole.

Bradley, Bosanquet, and Royce are men who have been basically influenced by Hegel, as to both the method and the content of their thought. This means too that they have been influenced by Kant, Hegel having generally advanced certain aspects of the Kantian teaching. (Idealism, realism, and pragmatism all claim to stem from Kant; and each indeed has some justification for the claim.) In method, however, Hegel was more aligned with Plato than with Kant. The synoptic view of Plato is based on his dialectic, which dialectic is concerned with a definite description of process. In this description there is the forming of an explanatory hypothesis, the discovering of its deficiency, the discarding of it for a more adequate explanation, and the continuing up to what may be called the highest hypothesis. This is what we have called the dialectical method, and the person using the method was for Plato a dialectical person. The resulting view is "synoptic"—a view involving interpretation in terms of the whole, or simply in all possible relations. Hegel's method was essentially dialectical. For him, existence was in this manner intelligible to thought, there being no opposition or separation between the two. The known and the knower, thought and being, are one. And indeed, the absolutely known, which this dialectical logic succeeds in revealing, coalesces with the reality of an absolute knower, or what we have called above the Absolute Idea. Hegel's idealism is the identification of the essence and evolution of the universe with the activity of an all-pervading mind.

Thus the doctrine of absolutism means the assertion of a superlative ideal having metaphysical certitude. It may be called the Absolute Good (Plato), the Infinite Substance (Spinoza), the Absolute Idea (Hegel), Universal Will (Schopenhauer), complete Thought (Bradley), or an overarching absolute Experience (Royce). There is the assumption of an all-general, all-sufficient first principle.

In line with this tradition, Royce believes that the process of experience is the growing knowledge of a self-manifesting reality. He is not content with a first view of things, however. For him, as for Kant and Hegel, there is the systematic criticism of knowledge. The critical review of experience as a whole proves of decisive importance in our final conception of the world. In his work, Royce asserts that the philosophical interpretation of phenomena indicates that everything depends on the idea of system, relation, coherence; moreover, the revelation of the divine is sought in the systematic structure of experience as a whole. In this view, science and philosophy and religion are all included in the phrase: capable of knowing the system of the universe.

Undoubtedly the Hegelian tradition has declined; and for at least this reason, the exclusive stress laid on the idea of unity and system. However, Hegel himself regarded system as inseparable from process. To be sure, he looked at the process as eternally unified, and also viewed it philosophically as an End. But the End is for him not merely a final stage; it is the meaning and spirit of the whole distilled, as it were, into each individual scene or passage. (From this paragraph and the preceding one it may be seen that there is much in common between Hegelian and Roycean idealism and the thought of Alexander and Whitehead who, in their works, reveal a Hegelian trend.)

For all this, the formalism and abstractness of Hegelianism brought about its decline, so that Royce, like Bradley, shifted his emphasis from the notion of universal Thought to universal Experience. There occurred the modification of panlogism to panpsychism or pantheism, and finally the alternative or compromise for which the great American idealist is famous, that is, the view known variously as "the philosophy of loyalty," or the conception of the universe (i.e. the "whole") as "the great community." This outlook is essentially sociological and ethical.

Royce has expounded a view of the place and destiny of the finite self, or individual, in the absolute life different from that of other neo-Hegelians such as Bosanquet, and his view is founded on the uniqueness of meaning and purpose in each individual life. This notion, so appreciated by James, is augmented by the larger social view, neglected by James, the view of the great community universally conceived, ideally presented in Christianity. In fact Royce regards this view as St. Paul's unique contribution to historic Christian thought. In his latest works, *The Problem of Christianity* and *The Great Community*, he sees the Christian Church universal as the exemplification of his philosophical system.

If again a critical observation may be made, it is that the philosophy of Royce would be somewhat more acceptable than it is among most present-day philosophers if he had admitted some genuine "creative advance" of the sort indicated in Whitehead and Bergson—an advance characteristic of reality at large; he does not seem to have permitted sufficient flexibility in the world of experience as we know it. It would seem indeed that our finite experience stands in opposition to the absolute system of Experience of which Royce speaks, for our meanings in life are not as its meanings; our meanings are not clear, fixed, and definite. When we try to discover how our finite purposes, arising in concrete situations, can be fulfilled in an over-arching Experience, we are puzzled indeed. Yet here lies one of the fundamental problems, if not *the* problem, in religious philosophy. It is doubtful whether logic alone can solve it. And while Royce's view of an immediate experience which grasps the whole is difficult, there is the demand for something of this sort in what we may call the religious consciousness. It may be that his doctrine of an eternal, all-embracing, divine Experience (or community) rests on a misapplication of finite experience; but in finite religious experience such a doctrine is in general pragmatically held. In so far as this is true, Royce has rightly interpreted finite experience.

THE MARINER AND THE ALBATROSS

GEORGE WHALLEY

> For me, I was never so affected with any human Tale. After first reading it, I was totally possessed with it for many days—I dislike all the miraculous part of it, but the feelings of the man under the operation of such scenery dragged me along like Tom Piper's magic whistle.[1]

IN these words, in a letter to Wordsworth dated January 30, 1801, Charles Lamb spoke of Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Some readers continue to echo Mrs. Barbauld's complaints that the poem is improbable and has an inadequate or distasteful moral. But these are mental reservations: poetry of the order of *The Ancient Mariner* does not work its magic upon the mind alone; and mental afterthoughts are of little use in explaining, least of all in explaining away, the profound spiritual and emotional effect of this poem. For every sympathetic reader since Lamb has been similarly possessed and haunted by *The Ancient Mariner*.

Lamb's criticism is remarkable in a contemporary. The incisiveness of his comment, however, lies not so much in his sensitivity to the fascination of the poem as in his immediate recognition of human feeling as being central in it. Lamb understood and loved Coleridge, and was never to free himself of the fascination of the man: " 'the rogue has given me potions to make me love him' ";[2] " 'tis enough to be within the whiff and wind of his genius, for us not to possess our souls in quiet."[3] Unfortunately we have not the means of knowing that "provocative and baffling personality" as Lamb did. But a close and sympathetic reading of the *Rime* will bring us much nearer to the essential Coleridge than one would expect in a poem that is professedly "a work of pure imagination."

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is less "a fantasticall imagination and a drowsie dreame" than "a continued allegory, and a darke conceit." There is an important letter of Coleridge's which confirms the allegorical interpretation of the poem: "I have often thought, within the last five or six years, that if ever I should feel once again the genial warmth and stir of the poetic impulse, and referred to my own experiences, I should venture on *a yet stranger and wilder Allegory than of yore*—. . . ." It is difficult to see how the missing factor in the comparative could be anything but *The Ancient Mariner;* and the opinion is confirmed by the associated idea that follows: "that I should *allegorize* myself, as a rock with it's summit just raised above the surface of some Bay or Strait in the Arctic Sea. . . ."[4] Although the

[1] *Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E. V. Lucas (London, 1935), I, 240.
[2] *Ibid.*, I, 185.
[3] *Ibid.*, II, 191.
[4] *Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. E. L. Griggs (New Haven, 1933), II, 262; dated (?)1820. My italics, except the word "allegorize." Coleridge may be thinking of his "Allegoric Vision" (*The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. E. H. Coleridge (Oxford, 1912), II, 1091-6). This prose allegory, written August, 1795, was successively used for an attack on the Church of England, for an attack on the Church of Rome, and in the introduction to *A Lay Sermon: Addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes*. In the "Allegoric Vision" Coleridge does not in any sense allegorize himself.

early action of the poem and the killing of the albatross take place in the Antarctic Sea, the details derive from the literature of Arctic travel, as Lowes has shown and as Coleridge would certainly remember.

I wish to examine the poem (*a*) to show how and to what extent Coleridge's inner life is revealed in the *Rime;* and (*b*) to show that the albatross was for Coleridge, whether consciously or unconsciously, a symbol with profound personal significance.

I

The aesthetic and poetic qualities of *The Ancient Mariner* are impressive. Other writers have examined in the poem the elements of colour and drama, the moral, the truth and accuracy of the detail, the supple and sensitive versification. But the haunting quality of the poem does not, and cannot, grow from any of these elements, whether taken singly or in any combination. Coleridge's creative imagination has fused all these elements into a completely unified organism to express his fundamental meaning; a meaning of whose full significance he was probably unconscious at the time of composition.

Without in any way detracting from the value of *The Rime* as a poem, I wish to show that the "haunting quality" grows from our intimate experience in the poem of the most intense personal suffering, perplexity, loneliness, longing, horror, fear. This experience brings us, with Coleridge, to the fringes of madness and death, and carries us to that nightmare land that Coleridge inhabited, the realm of Life-in-Death.[5] There is no other single poem in which we come so close to the fullness of his innermost suffering. The year after the composition of *The Ancient Mariner* he gave the self-revealing image of

> some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
> With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
> Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
> (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
> And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
> Of his own sorrow).[6]

Many years later he told how "from my very childhood I have been accustomed to *abstract* and as it were unrealize whatever of more than common interest my eyes dwelt on; and then by a sort of transference and transmission of my consciousness to identify myself with the Object—. . . ."[7]

[5]For a consideration of the place of opium as inducing Coleridge's "Bad most shocking Dreams," as an element in the composition of *The Ancient Mariner*, and specifically as a factor in the image of Life-in-Death, see R. C. Bald's valuable and impressive article "Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner*" in *Nineteenth-Century Studies*, ed. H. Davis, W. C. DeVane, R. C. Bald (Ithaca, N.Y., 1940).

[6]"The Nightingale: A Conversation Poem. April, 1798."

[7]*Unpublished Letters*, II, 262. This passage immediately precedes the passage quoted above (note 4).

Whether or not he recognized this process at the time, Coleridge enshrined in *The Ancient Mariner* the quintessence of himself, of his suffering and dread, his sense of sin, his remorse, his powerlessness. And

> Never sadder tale was heard
> By man of woman born.[8]

For it is not only a crystallization of his personal experience up to the time of the composition of the first version, but also an appalling prophecy fulfilled to a great extent in his life and successively endorsed by his own hand as time passed.

II

Life-in-Death is a recurrent theme in Coleridge's thought. In *The Ancient Mariner* it is luridly personified:

> Her lips were red, her looks were free,
> Her locks were yellow as gold:
> Her skin was as white as leprosy,
> The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
> Who thicks man's blood with cold.

And when he summarizes his life in 1833 in his own epitaph, he beseeches the passer-by to

> lift one thought in prayer for S.T.C.
> That He, who many a year with toilsome breath
> Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death.[9]

Life-in-Death meant to Coleridge a mixture of remorse and loneliness. Yet "loneliness" is perhaps too gentle and human a word; let us say "aloneness." It is precisely this combination of remorse and aloneness with which the Mariner's experience is steeped. Remorse is an emotion easy to find in the poem. It is also broadcast throughout Coleridge's letters and later poems, and requires no detailed consideration here.

The Mariner's aloneness is directly stated:

> Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide wide sea!
> And never a saint took pity on[10]
> My soul in agony.

It is thrown into relief by contrast with multiplicity:

> The many men, so beautiful!
> And they all dead did lie:
> And a thousand thousand slimy things
> Lived on; and so did I.

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[8]1798 version. Unless otherwise indicated, quotations from the poem follow the 1834 version.

[9]See *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. E. H. Coleridge (Boston and New York, 1895), II, 771. The much earlier dream-epitaph (*Unpublished Letters*, I, 281) makes an amusing parallel and is an example of the sense of fun generally overlooked in studies of Coleridge. The tone of *Letters*, II, 771 is also quietly jocular.

[10]Cf. 1798 version: "And Christ would take no pity on."

And it culminates in the horror of utter solitude:

> O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
> Alone on a wide wide sea:
> So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be.

The same theme recurs in smaller details. When the spirits leave the shipmates' bodies, it is with the sound of birds and "like a *lonely* flute." The "Spirit from the south pole" is a *lonesome* spirit; and, even though there is an air of self-sufficiency in the phrase "who bideth by himself," like so many solitary people—like Coleridge, like Dorothy Wordsworth—he loves birds:[11]

> He loved the bird that loved the man
> Who shot him with his bow.

When the spectre-bark has sailed away and the Mariner has snapped the spell of the dead seamen's eyes, he looks out over the ocean and feels a sense of foreboding

> Like one, that on a *lonesome* road
> Doth walk in fear and dread.

These details have a cumulative effect in heightening the direct statement of the mariner's desolation.

The Mariner's isolation is not "the wages of sin" so much as the state of sin.

> I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
> But or ever a prayer had gusht,
> A wicked whisper came, and made
> My heart as dry as dust.

Or again:

> The pang, the curse, with which they died,
> Had never passed away:
> I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
> Nor turn them up to pray.

As will be shown, the same aloneness haunted Coleridge and echoes like doom through his other poems, his letters, the Notebooks. And in the passionate eloquence of his morbid remorse, he is constantly and restlessly seeking the sin at the root of the desolation: finding as alternative sins his indolence, "abstruse research," the failure of his marriage, the opium habit.

The "Moon gloss" forges a powerful link between the Mariner and Coleridge.

> In his *loneliness and fixedness* he yearneth towards the journeying *Moon*, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the *blue sky* belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their *native country* and their own *natural homes*, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a *silent joy at their arrival*.[12]

[11]For Coleridge on birds, see notes 53 and 59 below.

[12]My italics.

The gloss was written some time between 1800 and 1817, and may have been under revision until the completion of the 1829 collection.[13] It is Coleridge's personal and mature comment upon *The Ancient Mariner*. The "Moon gloss" itself contains the essence of his loneliness and homelessness, feelings which were acutely present long before the composition of *The Ancient Mariner*.

In "Frost at Midnight" (1798) Coleridge recalls the sense of isolation he felt as an orphan at Christ's Hospital:[14]

> if the door half opened, and I snatched
> A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
> For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
> Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved. . . .
> For I was reared
> In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
> And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.

In January, 1796, we find him writing to the Reverend T. Edwards:

> I have got among all the first families in Nottingham, and am marvellously caressed, but to tell you the truth I am quite home-sick—owing to this long long absence from Bristol. I was at the *Ball*, last night—and saw the most numerous collection of handsome men and women, that I ever did in one place; but alas! the faces of strangers are but moving Portraits— . . . I feel as if I were in the long damp gallery of some Nobleman's House, amused with the beauty and variety of the Paintings, but shivering from cold, and melancholy from loneliness.[15]

Six months before the composition of the *Rime*, we find him telling his brother that

> at times
> My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
> Still most a stranger, most with naked heart
> At mine own home and birth-place.[16]

And in January, 1798, he wrote: "The first sunny morning that I walk out, at Shrewsbury, will make my heart die away within me—for I shall be in a *land of Strangers*!"[17] With the last important recrudescence of his creative

[13]Too little is known of the date of composition of the gloss, and of the process of revision. For the date of important revisions to *The Ancient Mariner* see J. L. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu* (Boston and New York, rev. ed., 1930), 475-6. For successive changes in the "Courts of the Sun" gloss, see *ibid.*, 164 ff. It is hoped that the full publication of the Notebooks will elucidate this problem.

[14]Cf. Edmund Blunden in *Coleridge: Studies by Several Hands on the Hundredth Anniversary of His Death*, ed. E. Blunden and E. L. Griggs (London, 1934), 66: "I sometimes wonder whether, germinally, the *Ancient Mariner* altogether is not one of his Christ's Hospital poems. I mean . . . that he had to travel through a long period of haunted solitariness."

[15]*Unpublished Letters*, I, 40; dated "Friday morning" (January, 1796).

[16]"To the Rev. George Coleridge"; composed May 26, 1797.

[17]*Unpublished Letters*, I, 91; dated (?) January 6, 1798. Cf. *Anima Poetæ*, ed. E. H. Coleridge (London, 1895), 197: ". . . when I am in company with Mr. Sharp, . . . , I feel like a child, nay, rather like an inhabitant of another planet. Their very faces all act upon me, sometimes, as if they were ghosts, but more often as if I were a ghost among them—at all times as if we were not consubstantial."

genius, he was to write in 1802 a curious echo of the watersnake passage:

> All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
> Have I been gazing on the western sky,
> And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
> And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!
> And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
> That give away their motion to the *stars;*
> Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
> Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:
> Yon crescent *Moon*, as fixed as if it grew
> In its own cloudless, starless lake of *blue*,
> *I see them all so excellently fair,*
> *I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!*[18]

It is important to notice in the "Moon gloss" the association of the Moon,[19] the blue sky, and home. Elsewhere the same combination of symbols, sometimes with the addition of tree(s), is associated with the thought of home, friendship and love, or their absence.

Practically speaking Coleridge was homeless for the greater part of his life. Remembering the number of times he must have exhausted the patience of his hosts to the point of serious misunderstanding and even the breach of friendship, the last part of the "Moon gloss" is given pathetic personal significance by comparison with "Youth and Age" (1823-32).

> Where no hope is, life's a warning
> That only serves to make us grieve,
> When we are old:
>
> That only serves to make us grieve
> With oft and tedious taking-leave,
> *Like some poor nigh-related guest,*
> *That may not rudely be dismist;*
> *Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,*
> *And tells the jest without the smile.*[20]

In thinking of nature as a healer, he notes (1811) the fate of the desolate man: again his thought turns to home, and the parallel with the "Moon gloss" is again striking.

> And even when all men have seemed to desert us and the friend of our heart has passed on, with one glance from his "cold disliking eye"—yet even then the *blue heaven* spreads it out and bends over us, and the little tree still shelters us under its plumage as a second cope, a *domestic firmament*, and the low creeping gale will sigh in the heath-plant and

[18] "Dejection: An Ode"; composed April 4, 1802. My italics.

[19] G. H. Clarke, in "Certain Symbols in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*" (*Queen's Quarterly*, XI, 1933, 27-45), interprets the Sun in *The Ancient Mariner* as the symbol of the God of Law, retributive, punishing; the Moon as the symbol of the God of Love, pitying, redemptive.

[20] Cf. *Unpublished Letters*, I, 264; dated August 1, 1803. He speaks of himself as "an involuntary impostor." The whole letter is of importance for the statements which lead to the conclusion: "This on my honor is as fair a statement of my habitual haunting, as I could give before the tribunal of Heaven. How it arose in me, I have but lately discovered."

soothe us by sound of sympathy till the lulled grief lose itself in *fixed gaze* on the purple heath-blossom, till the present beauty becomes a vision of memory.[21]

And in October, 1803, he is trying to account for his aloneness. "But yet, . . . , the greater and, perhaps, nobler, certainly *all* the subtler, parts of one's nature must be *solitary*. Man exists herein to himself and to God alone—yea! in how much only to God! how much lies *below* his own consciousness!"[22]

Let us see how this sense of homelessness is imaged in the Mariner. When the ship finally reaches port he cries:

> Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
> The light-house top I see?
> Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
> Is this mine own countree?

This utterance is charged with the deep thankfulness of the seafarer returned. In many a page of his travel books Coleridge had read of the emotions aroused by sighting the home port after a long voyage; and he is able to reproduce the feeling, mingled joy and pathos and fear, because he has experienced it imaginatively. In December, 1796, he had anticipated in a striking manner the Mariner's return: "The Sailor, who has borne cheerily a circumnavigation, may be allowed to feel a little like a coward, when within sight of his expected and wished for port."[23] Although the Mariner is returning to his "own countree," one feels sure that he does not expect anybody to be waiting for him.

> The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
> I heard them coming fast:
> Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
> The dead men could not blast.

Returned from the dead, Lazarus-fashion, he is overjoyed to see living people, to hear their voices. But there is a characteristic note of homelessness when he says

> O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
> 'Tis sweeter far to me,
> To walk together to the kirk
> With a goodly company!—
>
> To walk together to the kirk,
> And all together pray,

[21] *Anima Poetæ*, 246. My italics.

[22] *Ibid.*, 31.

[23] *Unpublished Letters*, I, 63. The publication by Professor Bald of new Notebook material shows clearly that Coleridge drew many parallels in his mind between the imaginative experience of *The Ancient Mariner* as originally written, and his own experience during the voyage to Malta. It is perhaps not fantastic to point out that the voyage to Malta, Coleridge's loneliness and the establishment of the opium addiction there, and the circumstances of his return to England provide a grim fulfilment of the prophecy of *The Ancient Mariner*. It is believed that the full text of the Notebooks would make this point strikingly clear.

> While each to his great Father bends,
> Old men, and babes, and loving friends
> And youths and maidens gay!

It is an impersonal picture, pregnant with the sense of isolation. There are "loving friends" but they do not seem to be his; the "old men" are not his brothers or his father, the "youths and maidens gay" are not his children. We catch an overtone of words spoken by him on a grimmer occasion:

> O happy living things! no tongue
> Their beauty might declare:

words uttered with the same sense of isolation in which Coleridge wrote some twenty-five years later

> And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,
> Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.[24]

Not only are the Mariner's spiritual and emotional experiences similar to, if not identical with, those we know Coleridge to have suffered, but there is rather more than a hint that the drawing of the Mariner is a self-portrait. The Mariner's two salient characteristics are his glittering mesmeric eye, and his passivity.[25] The Mariner says,

> I move like night from land to land,
> I have strange power of speech.

The first line is not only a reflection of Coleridge's isolation, but also a vivid metaphoric description of his imaginative wanderings while reading "like a cormorant" before composing *The Ancient Mariner*. We have Lamb's evidence for Coleridge's "strange power of speech" even at school. "How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus . . . , or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—. . . ."[26] Even the hostile Hazlitt could write, in 1818: "That spell is broke; that time is gone for ever; that voice is heard no more: but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long-past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound."

The Mariner's passivity is Coleridge's too; and the significance of that word (as of "pathos," "patience," "sympathy") is rooted, in more than the

[24]"Work without Hope"; composed February 21, 1825.

[25]Lamb's critical comment is again of interest: "The Ancient Marinere undergoes such Trials, as overwhelm and bury all individuality or memory of what he was, like the state of a man in a Bad dream, one terrible peculiarity of which is: that all consciousness of personality is gone" (*Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, I, 240). Cf. *Anima Poetæ*, 66: "A time will come when passiveness will attain the dignity of worthy activity. . . ."

[26]"Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago." See also Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 545, note 52, where Lowes refers to Brandl's "admirable remark that Coleridge himself exercised just such a fascination [as the Mariner] upon his hearers."

etymological sense, in suffering. In those deeply moving observations of the night sky noted in early November, 1803,[27] all written at about two o'clock in the morning, the elements of passivity, suffering, and the moon meet; while finally, in a similar entry made in Malta six months later, all combine with the longing for home and for Asra: "The glorious evening star coasted the moon, and at length absolutely crested its upper tip. . . . It was the most singular and at the same time beautiful sight I ever beheld. Oh, that it could have appeared the same in England, at Grasmere!"[28] In these entries we see a man who is waiting, capable still of feeling; and he is driving down the intolerable suffering only by the *fixedness* with which he gazes on the sky.[29] Sometimes there must have shaped in his mind the blasphemy that he expunged from the *Rime* after 1798: that "Christ would take no pity on My soul in agony."[30] And the Mariner's prayer must often have been repeated in those long nights:

> O let me be awake, my God!
> Or let me sleep alway.

At the height of the Mariner's suffering and loneliness, sleep and dream become central ideas. It is noticeable that the Mariner, like Coleridge, does not regard them as necessary concomitants. The Mariner, it is true, hears the "two voices in the air" while he is asleep; but he recognizes them as being merely voices so that the tempo of the verse does not race as it did when he sighted the spectre-bark. His prayer on entering harbour shows that the whole voyage has been, in a real and horrible sense, a dream; when he hears the Pilot approaching his pulse quickens because the dream of the voyage is broken by a breath of solid human reality. Coleridge conceived sleep to be, in its essence, dreamless. We have his own evidence for the fact that his life (like the Mariner's voyage) passed in a state of dream;[31] and that there were times, *after* the composition of *The Ancient Mariner*, when the dream, the thing imagined, was more solid and terrible than "the normal realities of life." "While I am awake, by patience, employment, effort of mind, and walking I can keep the fiend at Arm's

[27] *Anima Poetæ*, 43-50.

[28] *Ibid.*, 76.

[29] Cf. an amusing parallel in *Unpublished Letters*, I, 166. "In truth, my Glass being opposite to the Window, I seldom shave without cutting myself. Some Mountain or Peak is rising out of the Mist, or some slanting Column of misty Sunlight is sailing across so that I offer up soap and blood daily, as an Eye-servant of the Goddess Nature."

[30] Cf. *ibid.*, I, 363: "55 days of literal horror [at sea] almost daily expecting and wishing to die"; and *ibid.*, II, 182: "I longed for Death with an intensity that I have never seen expressed but in the Book of Job."

[31] See the dream-epitaph, *ibid.*, I, 281:

> Here sleeps at length poor Col. and without Screaming,
> Who died, as he had always liv'd, a dreaming:
> Shot dead, while sleeping, by the Gout within,
> Alone, and all unknown, at E'nbro' in an Inn.

Cf. note 9 above.

length; but the Night is my Hell, Sleep my tormenting Angel. Three nights out of four I fall asleep, struggling to lie awake—and my frequent Night-screams have almost made me a nuisance in my own House. *Dreams with me are no Shadows, but the very Substances and foot-thick Calamities of my Life.*"[32] It is the dreams which accompany his sleep that are the torment and horror. Remove the dreams from his sleep and he would not "fall asleep, struggling to lie awake."[33] And the Mariner's craving and prayer for sleep are paralleled by Coleridge before 1802, and are more insistently repeated after that date.[34]

The first version of *The Ancient Mariner* was completed for publication in *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. In 1801 Coleridge wrote, "The Poet is dead in me."[35] Successive revisions of the *Rime* were not complete until 1814;[36] the gloss, though first published in 1817, had not achieved its final and complete form until the edition of 1829; and, although no important changes can be assigned to a later date than 1817, the poem was again revised in small points of detail for the collection of 1834.[37] The revisions of the poem resulted in a tightening of the texture, the omission of unnecessary archaisms, the removal of elements of horror which he recognized as gratuitous and ephemeral in their appeal, and the abbreviation of certain passages whose length endangered the balance and emphasis of their setting.

[32] *Ibid.*, I, 279. *Ibid.*, I, 276-88, and many other letters voice the same theme.

[33] Opium is certainly responsible for the horror of these dreams. But the taking of drugs was a symptom, rather than a primary cause, of the schism in his mind. Coleridge's interest in the nature of his nightmares and reveries is clearly shown in several passages in *Anima Poetæ;* see especially pages 85 and 243. The acuteness of Coleridge's introspective analysis of dream phenomena has seldom if ever been surpassed. Bald ("Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner*, 29-35) examines closely the responsibility of opium for Coleridge's dreams of terror; and at pages 40-3 he considers Coleridge's distinction between dream, reverie, and nightmare.

[34] The association of the moon and sleep both in *The Ancient Mariner* and in "Dejection" suggests not so much a normal grouping of nocturnal phenomena as a thread of symbolic association that runs through the thought behind Coleridge's writing. This subject requires a detailed exposition beyond the scope of this article. With "Dejection" VIII, 2: "Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!" c.f. *Unpublished Letters*, I, 286: "God forbid that my worst Enemy should ever have the Nights of the Sleep that I have had, night after night—. . . ."

[35] To Godwin, March 25, 1801; in C. K. Paul, *William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries* (London, 1876). This letter is accessible in *Coleridge: Select Poetry and Prose*, ed. Stephen Potter (London, 1933), 590. Cf. *Letters*, I, 298 (May, 1790): "My poor Muse is quite gone"; and I, 388 (July, 1802): "All my poetic genius . . . is gone."

[36] See Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 475-6. *The Ancient Mariner* was set up for *Sibylline Leaves* in 1814. Lowes suggests 1802 for the important textual revisions. In the light of Bald's study of the Notebooks this date seems untenable.

[37] See *The Road to Xanadu*, 475. J. D. Campbell, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative of the Events of His Life* (London, 1894), 263n., states that the 1829 edition, which appeared "with much revision" after the 1828 edition was sold out, was "the last edition on which Coleridge was able to bestow personal care and attention. That of 1834 was arranged mainly, if not entirely, at the discretion of H. N. Coleridge." E. H. Coleridge (*Complete Poetical Works*, I, iii) stoutly repudiates and clarifies Campbell's statement.

But no fundamental change was made in the plan or direction of the poem. Beyond these revisions the gloss, valuable more as profound meditation than as an argument, was added. That the poem was of real personal importance to Coleridge is shown, not so much by his careful revision of the text, as by the additions to and revisions of the gloss. The gloss may have been completed in 1817 after the publication of *Sibylline Leaves*.[38] The final version of *The Ancient Mariner* is the outcome of at least twenty years of reflection, no matter how sporadic the reflection may have been. That can only mean that the poem continued to hold for him the personal significance with which it was charged at its creation.[39]

In the course of revision the symbolism has been sharpened, not least of all by the gloss; the personal context has been clarified; and, most important of all, the whole poem has been confirmed in the light of his later life.

III

It is misleading to think of Coleridge's life as falling into three distinct phases: one of turbulent preparation, one of cloudless creation, and one of disappointment and broken imagination. The brief creative period, 1797-9, emerges from a mind more hopeful than in the later period; but it is essentially the same mind—restless, mercurial, morbid, remorseful, fearful. For a short time he was lifted up (though on no constant wings) by his marriage, by the birth of Hartley, by his intimacy with William and Dorothy Wordsworth. But even such "fecundating" happiness, a happiness ominously stressed in the letters of the period, was not able to change the thing that was Coleridge. The early period foreshadows the later. In 1796 he had written: "There is one Ghost that I *am* afraid of; with that I should be perpetually haunted in this cursed Acton—the hideous Ghost of departed Hope."[40] In the same year he observed that

> Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
> E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness— . . . .[41]

In the spring of 1797 he told Cottle: "On the Saturday, the Sunday, and the ten days after my arrival at Stowey I felt a depression too dreadful to

[38]Lowes (*Road to Xanadu*, 164) traces the development of the "Courts of the Sun" gloss to 1817 *after* the publication of *Sibylline Leaves*.

[39]This conclusion would be less tenable if the poet were almost anybody except Coleridge. In this respect *The Ancient Mariner* stands in sharp contrast to *Christabel*. *Christabel* was left in a fragmentary state even though Coleridge "had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness of a vision." The passage on broken friendship is the only personal trace of Coleridge in *Christabel*. *Christabel* was far more "a work of pure imagination" than *The Ancient Mariner:* it had so little personal significance for him that he was unable to overcome the practical difficulties of completing it.

[40]*Letters*, I, 187.

[41]"To a Young Friend."

be described. . . . Wordsworth's conversation, etc., roused me somewhat; but even now I am not the man I have been—and I think never shall. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart."[42] Early in 1797 he had anticipated *The Ancient Mariner* by telling his brother George that "I have roamed through life Still most a stranger," and that "To me the Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed A different fortune and more different mind."[43] As early as 1795 he had referred to the taking of drugs;[44] and in the spring of 1798[45] *Kubla Khan* was conceived "in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses." All the elements of the later broken Coleridge are noticeably present by 1797. Coleridge was too intelligent and introspective a man to fail to notice them and understand, at least dimly, their import.

Before the date of the composition of *The Ancient Mariner* the sense of personal doom was present to Coleridge, even though at times, and for lengthy periods, he was able to "keep the fiend at Arm's length." It has been shown that the acute consciousness of his aloneness and homelessness was already present, foreshadowing the "Moon gloss" and the pitiful threnody "Youth and Age." The *Rime* is the projection of his own suffering, of his sense of personal danger, his passivity, his perplexity. At first he projected himself unconsciously into the poem by the intensity with which he imaginatively experienced the Mariner's situation. During the voyage from Gibraltar to Malta he had an opportunity not only to verify his "observations" of the sea,[46] but also to know what it was to pass "55 days of literal horror almost daily expecting and wishing to die."[47] The time in Malta was a critical, desolate period; and I believe that in Malta Coleridge realized more vividly than ever before that he trembled on the brink of inactivity, of dream, of fatal procrastination, of creative impotence. It is this realization that he projects into the 1817 version of *The Ancient Mariner:* the personal allegory is sharpened by the gloss, and the addition of important details relates the Mariner's experience more intimately with Coleridge's experience of opium.[48]

Fundamentally it is the personal quality of the poem that accounts for its vivid haunting fascination. And that effect is much heightened when we recognize the prophetic power of the poem; when we know that Coleridge himself in later life recognized the poem for a personal allegory and endorsed its prophecy by a life of wandering loneliness and suffering.

[42] *Unpublished Letters*, I, 70.

[43] "To the Rev. George Coleridge."

[44] The earliest letter, of 1791 (*Unpublished Letters*, I, 3), is inconclusive, but is linked by E. H. Coleridge with a letter of March, 1795 (*Letters*, I, 173n.), where almost nightly doses of opium are mentioned. But see also Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 415, 415n., 604*i*.

[45] See Bald, "Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner*," 28, note 1; and cf. E. K. Chambers, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (Oxford, 1938), 103. Bald (25-30) gives a history of Coleridge's opium addiction.

[46] See *ibid.*, 9-12.

[47] See note 30 above.

[48] See Bald, "Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner*," 33 ff.

IV

The central figure of the albatross remains to be considered; for "the albatross . . . binds inseparably together the three structural principles of the poem: the voyage, and the supernatural machinery, and the unfolding cycle of the deed's results."[49] Nothing less than an intensely personal symbolism would be acceptable against the background of such intense suffering. The albatross must be much more than a stage property chosen at random or a mechanical device introduced as a motive of action in the plot.[50] The albatross is the symbol of Coleridge's creative imagination, his eagle.[51]

It was Wordsworth, not Coleridge, who thought of the albatross.[52] Whether Wordsworth or Coleridge actually stumbled upon the albatross, in Shelvocke or anywhere else, does not matter. In November, 1797, the final element, around which the whole poem would crystallize, was needed. As Lowes has shown, Coleridge, in all his diverse and obscure reading before *The Ancient Mariner*, read with the falcon's eye "which habitually pierced to the secret spring of poetry beneath the crust of fact": it is as though he knew intuitively what he needed without knowing exactly what he was looking for. It would be valuable to have a verbatim record of the dialogue during that momentous walk through the Quantock Hills, rather than the retrospective and somewhat patronizing report made by Wordsworth nearly fifty years after the event.

Coleridge would notice at once that the albatross was mechanically suitable: it would fit naturally into a voyage to Antarctic regions; sailors are superstitious about birds and indeed have special superstitions about the albatross; and he may even have noticed that it was amenable to rhyming in a way that other alternatives may not have been. But apart from practical considerations of plot or versification, the albatross was exactly what Coleridge was looking for. It was a rare species of bird,[53] of exceptional

[49]Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 221.

[50]Cf. *ibid.*, 303. Lowes emphasizes the *triviality* of the deed and suggests that Coleridge required a trivial deed to set the punishment in motion. Clarke ("Certain Symbols in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*," 29) dismisses the possibility of the albatross as symbol.

[51]Cf. T. S. Eliot, *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (London, 1933), 69, where the eagle is used as the symbol of the creative imagination. Coleridge also seems to be using the symbol in an epigram of 1807 in reply to Poole's encouragement: "Let Eagle bid the Tortoise sunward rise—As vainly Strength speaks to a broken mind" (*Complete Poetical Works*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, II, 1001). Cf. Shelley's description of Coleridge as "a hooded eagle among blinking owls."

[52]Wordsworth's note in *Poems* of 1852. The earlier account (*c.* 1843) in the prefatory note to "We are Seven," is longer but substantially the same. Both notes are printed in Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 222-3.

[53]Coleridge's keen interest in birds is shown by his foot-note to "This Lime-Tree Bower," and by a MS. note in a copy of Gilbert White's *Works* (quoted in *Coleridge: Select Poetry and Prose*, ed. Stephen Potter, 719): "I have myself made by collection [?] a better table of characters of Flight and Motion" (of birds). See also *Anima Poetæ*, 178, 193, 194.

size,[54] solitary, haunting a limited and strange and, for Coleridge, evocative zone, harmless yet by tradition beneficent. Some or all of these facts would, I suggest, flash through Coleridge's mind; and he at once seized upon the albatross as the right (or, at the very lowest valuation, an adequate) symbol for his purpose.

Coleridge was a confirmed symbolist. In 1815 he wrote: "An *idea*, in the highest sense of that word, can not be conveyed but by a *symbol*."[55] Ten years before, he had noted how

> In looking at objects of Nature while I am thinking, as at yonder moon dim-glimmering through the dewy window-pane, I seem rather to be seeking, as it were *asking* for, a symbolical language for something within me that already and for ever exists, than observing anything new. Even when that latter is the case, yet still I have always an obscure feeling as if that new phenomena were the dim awaking of a forgotten or hidden truth of my inner nature. It is still interesting as a word—a symbol. It is Λόγος the Creator, and the Evolver![56]

The process he describes here is not a newly acquired practice, but an innate and habitual attitude of mind. *The Ancient Mariner* is what it is for the reason that Coleridge has clearly given: because in that poem he found what he was "seeking, as it were *asking* for," long before the date of the Notebook entry—"a symbolical language for something within me that already and for ever exists." Furthermore Coleridge was not the man to use words or symbols without consideration or to select them carelessly. In an entry, touched with more humility than this single sentence would suggest, he said in 1805: "Few men, I will be bold to say, put more *meaning* into their words than I, or choose them more deliberately and discriminately."[57]

That the link between the albatross and the creative imagination grows out of the inner necessity of the poem and of the man can be verified by only one passage in the *Rime*. The evidence is extremely nebulous, but, being possibly primary evidence, should not be overlooked. The shipmates' first judgment on the killing of the albatross was that the Mariner had

> killed the *bird*
> That made the *breeze* to blow.

Late in 1806 Coleridge connects Genius and the wind: "Though Genius, like the fire on the altar, can only be kindled from heaven, yet it will perish

[54]The giant albatross probably would occur to Coleridge's mind. Notice Wordsworth's mention of "wingspan of 12 or 13 feet." But see Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 226-7 and 529, for the "feasible" species; and Bald, "Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner*," 6: "Saw a . . . Boy running up to the Main top with a large Leg of Mutton swung, Albatross-fashion, about his neck."

[55]*Biographia Literaria;* in *The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. W. G. T. Shedd (New York, 1853), III, 259.

[56]*Anima Poetæ*, 136; dated April 14, 1805. See also *ibid.*, 225: ". . . words are not mere symbols of things and thoughts, but themselves things, and . . . any harmony in the things symbolised will perforce be presented to us more easily, as well as with additional beauty, by a correspondent harmony of the symbols with each other."

[57]*Ibid.*, 103.

unless supplied with appropriate fuel to feed it; or if it meet not with the virtues whose society alone can reconcile it to earth, it will return whence it came, or, at least, lie hid as beneath embers, till some *sudden and awakening gust of regenerating Grace*, ἀναζωπυρεῖ, rekindles and reveals it anew."[58] And the symbol of the imagination, or of inspiration, is frequently, outside Coleridge's writing,[59] a bird.

Far more important is Coleridge's reply to the celebrated strictures of Mrs. Barbauld. *The Ancient Mariner*, he said, "ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a geni starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date-shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the geni's son."[60] The tone of the retort is jocular. If the *Rime* had for Coleridge the personal significance that I believe it had, it would be difficult for him to reply other than jocularly. About seven years before the reply to Mrs. Barbauld, he tells a correspondent exactly how he reacts to a situation of that kind.

> My sentiments on the nature of all *intrusions into private Life*, and of more private *personalities* in all shapes I have given at large in the Friend, and yet more pointedly in the Literary Life. . . . These you know, but you cannot know my dear Sir! . . . how many causes accumulating thro' a long series of years, and acting perhaps on constitutional predisposition, have combined to *make me shrink from all occasions that threaten to force my thoughts back on myself personally—as soon as any thing of this sort is on the point of being talked of, I feel uneasy till I have turned the conversation*, or fairly slunk out of the room—. . . .[61]

Coleridge's facetiousness in speaking of the moral of *The Ancient Mariner* was misleading, as it was intended to be; but it both hides and contains the clue we are looking for.

The nature of the Mariner's crime is thrown into high relief by Coleridge's italics (*must*, *because*): and with it, the nature of Coleridge's personal "crime"—for so he regarded it in later life. The identity is then complete.

The crime was at the same time wanton and unintentional.[62] The

[58] *Ibid.*, 179. My italics. This parallel is offered with caution. So, too, is a further suggestion that Coleridge, who projected an "essay in defence of punning" (*ibid.*, 225), might well have achieved a word-association such as: breeze—Brise—wind—"mighty rushing wind"—inspiration. There is, however, no direct evidence for such a view.

[59] But see note 51 above for an example in Coleridge's writing. *Anima Poetæ*, 178 is also of interest: "The moulting peacock, with only two of his long tail-feathers remaining, and those sadly in tatters, yet, proudly as ever, spreads out his ruined fan in the sun and breeze." This may be a direct observation; but, from the context, it appears likely that Coleridge is noting a personal metaphor.

[60] *Table Talk*, May 31, 1830; in *The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. W. G. T. Shedd, VI, 324.

[61] *Unpublished Letters*, II, 274. Coleridge italicized the words "personalities" and "myself." Other italics are mine.

[62] Bald ("Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner*," 39 ff.), in interpreting this passage, is concerned to explain the *amoral* attitude as a characteristic of opium reverie. Lamb notes the same quality without attributing it to opium; see note 25 above.

Mariner shoots "the *harmless* albatross," and "*inhospitably* killeth the pious bird of good omen," having no conception of the implications of his deed. The Mariner *could* have withheld his arrow, the merchant his date-shell; but neither saw any reason for doing so. Certainly the Mariner learned a sharp lesson about killing birds before the voyage was done; but that lesson was of no service to him when, in a moment of idleness or boredom, he aimed his cross-bow at the albatross. "But so it is! Experience, like the stern lanthorn of a Ship, casts it's light only on the *Wake*—on the Track already past."[63] There is the sternness and inexorability of Greek tragedy in the paradox that an act committed in ignorance of the laws governing albatrosses and genii *must* be punished in the most severe manner.

That Coleridge regarded his own suffering in precisely this light is clear from a poem written as early as 1803.

> Such punishments, I said, were due
> To natures deepliest stained with sin,—
> For aye entempesting anew
> The unfathomable hell within,
> The horror of their deeds to view,
> To know and loathe, yet wish and do!
> *Such griefs with such men well agree,*
> *But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?*[64]

"The Pains of Sleep" is saturated with the same confusion and perplexity that the Mariner experienced. The sin from which the suffering arose was committed in the same way: "Tho' before God I dare not lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his Mercy because to despair would be adding crime to crime; yet to my fellow-men I may say, that I was seduced into the *accursed* Habit ignorantly."[65] Even though he may have suspected, when it was too late, what would be the outcome of his struggle with "this body that does me most grievous wrong," Coleridge did not know, when the process began, that he was killing his eagle. The act was wanton: yes, in the sense that it was unnecessary, that it could have been avoided. And it is that very knowledge—afterwards—that the act could, perhaps easily, have been avoided, if at the very beginning he had understood the implications of his action, that makes stark tragedy both in Coleridge's life and in the Mariner's voyage.

> O had I health and youth and were what I once was—but I played the fool and cut the throat of my own happiness, of my genius, of my utility. . . .[66]

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[63] *Unpublished Letters*, II, 354. E. H. Coleridge (in *Coleridge: Studies by Several Hands*, ed. E. Blunden and E. L. Griggs, 41) notes the first appearance of this "stock sentence" as January 2, 1800.

[64] "The Pains of Sleep."

[65] *Unpublished Letters*, II, 107: Coleridge is here thinking specifically of the opium habit, which he probably recognized as a symptom and not the "sin" itself. He is here replying to Cottle who considered opium to be central.

[66] *Ibid.*, I, 403; March 17, 1808.

Well would it have been for me perhaps had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flowers and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic lore. And if in after-time I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtilty of the understanding without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develop themselves; —my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.[67]

The interval was a good deal shorter and less blessed than he was prepared to remember in 1815. And there was a great deal more in the two apparently naïve verses of moral than Mrs. Barbauld could have guessed, more even than Coleridge was willing to remember when, long after their writing, he was asked for an explanation.

When the process of the atrophy of his creative imagination, foreshadowed in *The Ancient Mariner*, was far advanced and Coleridge felt that his life was sinking "in tumult to a lifeless sea," he wrote his comment upon that process. The lines are some of the most desolate ever written.

> But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
> Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;
> But oh! each visitation
> Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
> My shaping spirit of Imagination.
> For not to think of what I needs must feel,
> But to be still and patient, all I can;
> And haply by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man—
> This was my sole resource, my only plan:
> Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
> And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.[68]

V

The Ancient Mariner, in addition to its other unique qualities, is both an unconscious projection of Coleridge's early sufferings and a vivid prophecy of the sufferings that were to follow. The poem was probably not originally intended to be a personal allegory: but that is what, in Coleridge's eyes, it became later as the prophecy was slowly, inexorably, and lingeringly fulfilled.

As far as I know *The Ancient Mariner* has never been interpreted as a personal allegory. To do so (and the evidence for it is weighty) not only gives a clue to the source of the poem's intensity but also explains beyond

[67] *Biographia Literaria;* in *Complete Works*, ed. W. G. T. Shedd, III, 152. See *Unpublished Letters*, II, 275-6 for the recurrence of this thought in 1820.

[68] "Dejection." These lines were of great importance to Coleridge. He repeated them several times in letters in slightly varied forms. In one letter (*Unpublished Letters*, I, 215) he adds: "I give you these lines for the Truth and not for the Poetry." The tragic effect of "Dejection" is heightened by its echoes of other poems, written or read in happier days: "Frost at Midnight," "The Nightingale: A Conversation Poem," *The Ancient Mariner*, Wordsworth's *Prelude*. "Dejection" is itself echoed in "To William Wordsworth" (1807).

cavil its moral implications. *The Ancient Mariner* is, however, of primary importance *as a poem;* and no specialized interest—moral, biographical, or allegorical—can be allowed to assail the integrity to which, as a poem, it is entitled. But the interpretation I have suggested does bring the reader into intimate contact with Coleridge the man. Even to attempt to understand him will induce sympathy, and from sympathy some understanding can grow.

Carlyle's judgment of Coleridge is harsh and grossly unsympathetic: "To steal into heaven . . . is forever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such."[69] Yet Coleridge had written:

> I dare affirm that few men have ever felt or regretted their own infirmities more deeply than myself—they have in truth *preyed* too deeply on my mind, and the hauntings of regret have injured me more than the things to be regretted.[70]

> For years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger *staring,* but the conscience of my *guilt* worse, far far worse than all!—I have prayed with drops of agony on my Brow, trembling not only before the Justice of my Maker, but even before the Mercy of my Redeemer. "I gave thee so many Talents. What hast thou done with them?"[71]

> And as to what *people* in *general* think about me, my mind and spirit are too awefully occupied with the concerns of another Tribunal, before which I stand momently, to be much affected by it one way or other.[72]

Carlyle's judgment overlooks the quantity and quality of the work Coleridge did complete; overlooks the fact that Coleridge throughout his life was dogged by physical disease; overlooks the fact that Coleridge became a man tormented and haunted, at times beyond the capacities of desire or effort, by the knowledge that the eagle had visited him, that he had inhospitably killed "the pious bird of good omen," and that it might well have been otherwise.

[69]Thomas Carlyle, *The Life of John Sterling;* in *Complete Works of Thomas Carlyle* (New York, 1853), XX, 60.

[70]*Unpublished Letters*, II, 57.

[71]*Ibid.*, II, 107; April 26, 1814.

[72]*Ibid.*, II, 424; November 9, 1828.

THE HERITAGE OF JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER

A. GILLIES

HERDER was the third of the great German Classical writers who assembled at the court of Weimar at the end of the eighteenth century. Unlike Goethe and Schiller, he was not, primarily, a writer of drama or lyrical verse and fiction, but a critic, philosopher, and theologian. Born in 1744, of poor parents, in the small East Prussian town of Mohrungen, he became a pupil and later a bitter opponent of Kant. Before he was twenty-five he had held and resigned important positions as a teacher and minister of the Gospel in Riga, and he came to Weimar in 1776, at Goethe's instigation, as Chief Pastor and Court Preacher. He became at once an honoured member of the distinguished circle that surrounded the ducal court and remained so till he died in 1803. In his lifetime he achieved eminence in a number of different fields, as preacher and educator, literary critic and philosopher of history, translator and folk-lorist, and in these and a score of ancillary subjects, ranging from geography and archaeology to sociology and the history of literature, and from feminism to phonetics, his influence is still felt today. Yet his name is now generally remembered only by specialists. Students of German literature turn to him as the teacher of Goethe and the father of Romanticism. Writers on linguistics acknowledge that his researches were the start of all scientific work on the nature and origin of language and comparative philology. He is known, especially in Eastern Europe, as the founder of nationalism. Philosophers recognize that his grasp of the principle of historical evolution marks a turning-point in the philosophy of history. He was the most fertile and suggestive of thinkers—with the result that his ideas were quickly taken up by others and their parentage forgotten. "Of illustrious men the whole world is the sepulchre," is literally true of Herder.

Herder's works are voluminous. Those which are now best remembered are the *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit* (1784-91) and the *Volkslieder* of 1778-9. Of the former it has been said:

> A great living picture of nature, which would have been intelligible and familiar even to the uninitiated, had hitherto been wanting among the Germans. . . . While others have coldly constructed for us the whole frame of nature as a mechanical piece of wheel-work, he breathed into it an organic life, and awakened a warm feeling of love for its beauty in every breast. While others had counted off at their fingers' ends the single phenomena of nature, numbered and classified one after another, he caused them all to appear as members of one organism, and elevated each by placing it in its natural position.[1]

These words were written in the eighteen-twenties by Wolfgang Menzel, a man not notorious for his charity towards his predecessors in German

[1]This and the following passage are quoted from H. W. Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe* (1845), 264 f.

literature. And Menzel goes on to say of the *Volkslieder* that it was a "great song-book of mankind."

> The lofty spirit of this collection, and, again, the rich variety and marvellous beauty of the parts, did not fail of their effect. After this, a higher importance was attributed to poetry, by and for itself, and its relation to popular life; or rather, it has been recognized in poetry and unfolded from it. Since then, an animated intercourse between living minds and the dead has been extended over the whole earth. We have explored all nations, all ages, and brought up the hidden treasures which Herder had marked with fire. From the far India, Persia, Arabia; from the Finnic and Sclavonian North; from Scandinavia, Scotland, England; from Spain; even from the New World, the gold of poetry, under Herder's guidance, has been piled up in an ever increasing hoard in German literature.

When Herder began to write, modern German literature was still fumbling for a satisfactory basis. Solemn discussions were taking place everywhere upon aesthetic problems which were of trifling importance in comparison with the fundamentals that required to be settled. Achievement consisted in the main of Klopstock's *Odes* and Lessing's early criticism. Herder intervened, and at once all else was made to seem old-fashioned. After he published his *Fragmente*, his first work, in 1767, German literature began to command attention instead of entreating it.

Herder stepped aside from the detailed aesthetic discussions concerning *genres* which occupied his contemporaries, into the wider sphere of literature in its historical context. He made German literature aware of the difference between itself and the models of antiquity and their derivatives in modern times. He made it aware that it had a mission to fulfil. He presented it with the antithesis between Ancient and Modern, South and North, Classic and Romantic—the antithesis that has been an obsession ever since. German literature grew up in the consciousness that out of the ruins of the ancient world there had arisen a new, modern spirit created by the combined effects of the introduction of Christianity, the infiltration of Arabic influences, and the invasions of the Teutonic tribes, and that it occupied an important, indeed unique, place in the manifestation of this modern spirit. Herder taught it to look into its own past, to seek out its own characteristics, its latent strength, its unrecognized wealth, and to build up its future upon these foundations. He exhorted it to eschew the imitation of foreign models. He exclaimed that it was wrong to measure oneself by the example of any alien authority. Poetry is the mother tongue of the human race; it exists in all countries and in no two places is it the same. He believed that the reason why German literature had lost its way and become enfeebled was that the Renaissance and the political and religious troubles that accompanied it had shattered its continuity, and that ways and means must be found of bridging the gulf and linking up the present with the forgotten achievements of the Middle Ages. Continuity of development, he saw, was the factor which explained the greatness of English literature. Shakespeare was the heir of the medieval ballad-mongers and these in turn of the Teutonic scalds and scops. Why, he asked, should not Germany rediscover her medieval minstrelsy and herself produce a Shakespeare? "We

scarcely see and feel any longer," he wrote, "but only think and meditate: we do not write about the living world . . . but we only invent artificial subjects and artificial ways of handling them."

Thus from ancient times we have absolutely no living poetic literature upon which our modern poetry might grow, as a branch upon the national stem; whereas other nations have progressed with the centuries and have shaped themselves upon their own soil, from native products, upon the belief and taste of the people, from the remains of the past. In that way their literature and language have become national, the voice of the people has been used and cherished, they have secured far more of a public in these matters than we Germans have. We poor Germans have been destined from the start never to remain ourselves; ever to be the lawgivers and servants of foreign nationalities, the directors of their fate and their bartered, bleeding, exhausted slaves.

These and a score of similar statements were designed to whip the flagging spirits of German literature. Herder himself collected folk-songs, in order to make known the ancient foundations without which he believed future progress to be impossible. By so doing, by pointing to the simple values of poetry, he set the German lyric upon lines it was not to leave, and which even the sophistication of later times has not obscured. The lyric of modern Germany is founded on the folk-song and is without doubt the strongest and most enduring feature of its literature.

All this made the discussions of his older contemporaries seem puerile. Herder pointed the way to national originality, and his doctrine was quickly acted upon. Yet there were unhappy implications. Self-consciousness brought envy in its train, a sense of loss and inferiority vis-à-vis other, happier nations, a longing for one-time splendours, a grudge against destiny for having been denied what others had gained, an angry claim to seek salvation in the national way, and an aggressive desire to outdo others. Herder's teachings touched on all these things, though he was too wise a man and too humane a thinker to do more than use them as spurs with which to prod his countrymen. He had no desire to have them used once the needed activity had been induced. It was his duty to point out deficiencies and to indicate remedies, and his bitterness and the energy of his exhortation were in direct proportion to the magnitude of the deficiencies he discovered. His work was to issue the Declaration of Independence of German literature. What others did after him was no fault of his, though it arose out of his achievement.

The contrast which Herder set up, on historical lines, between Ancient and Modern, combined with the idea of progressive development which was fundamental to his work and with the consciousness of contemporary inadequacy, provided the basis on which the Romantic writers and theorists constructed their new doctrines at the end of the eighteenth century. Herder's own attempt to define and describe the "modern spirit" (i.e., post-classical spirit) was extremely rich in suggestiveness, and has had repercussions in many spheres; this is especially true of his emphasis upon the supposed invigorating effect of the Teutonic attacks upon the declining Roman Empire—a point with fateful implications. "Quand on a été Dieu un

jour," said Quinet, "on tient à son nuage." In particular, Herder stated the dominating theme of Romanticism, that yearning is the mark of modern culture. The plastic sense of the Greeks comes but rarely on this earth. The modern outlook, springing from the Christian cult of the hereafter, is one that embodies striving, formlessness, desire, suffering, mysticism. "Mysticism is the favourite child of our spiritual activity and our spiritual indolence," he wrote; "we love and know not whom; we desire and know not what. Something infinite, the highest, the most beautiful, the best." Thanks to Herder, Romantic yearning became self-conscious. It became the subject of literature, along with every other aspect of the "modern spirit" which Romanticism endeavoured to portray. It was his doctrine that we should emulate the ancients by striving to reproduce in modern literature the whole range of modern civilization, as ancient literature—so he believed—reproduced all ancient civilization. Since modern meant post-classical, it was deemed to include medieval. It was Herder who in Germany pointed to the pulsing colour of the Middle Ages, to the romances and legends of kings and knights, popes and beggars, *jongleurs* and crusaders, monks and maidens in distress, all the change and variety and unrest which mark the progress of medieval life. No more comprehensive or fascinating picture of that epoch could have faced the young German Romanticists in their years of adolescence than that which he drew. The medieval poets, he declared, represented all the fullness of their age. It only remained for German literature to follow on where they had left off. It only remained to overcome the ill effects of the Renaissance, which had wrongly taught men to write in the "classical" manner, made literature the affair of scholars, and destroyed the oneness of poetry and life that once existed. When the Romantics searched for what they called "progressive universality" and demanded the "poetization" of all life, they were merely continuing in Herder's sense.

It is difficult to imagine what German literature would have been without Herder. He inspired the poetic evolution of Goethe, the balladry of Bürger; the whole spiritual atmosphere of the Storm and Stress; the basic philosophy of German Classicism and the teachings of Romanticism were alike the outcome of his work. His emphasis upon spontaneity and naturalness, his substitution of feeling for reason as the guide of poetical and human behaviour, his discovery of the historical sense began a revolution in German literature which has had no end. The liberation from foreign tutelage brought many possibilities in its train—and problems too; and not merely in the restricted field of poetry. Fresh moorings had to be discovered and the search for them has gone on ever since in the literature and life of Germany. Germany has been driven to probe more and more deeply into herself as she has struggled to find stability. Introspection has led to titanic despair, exaggerated over-sensitivity, and arrogant self-sufficiency by turns. The crisis which Herder initiated still awaits a permanent remedy.

Herder's own remedy, the fruit of his historical studies and his religious convictions, was the doctrine of *Humanität*—the fullest and finest flowering of the best in human nature; and unfortunately it has not endured. It did not endure, perhaps, because it represented too precarious a balance between the changeless dogma of the Christian and classical ethic and the relativistic teaching of his evolutionary history. It did not endure, moreover, because succeeding generations did not see "the fullest and finest flowering of the best in human nature" quite as Herder saw it. The historical approach was fundamental to all Herder's work, as it was to his literary criticism. He was always tracing origins and development, and it was quite logical that in the end his whole attention should be given to writing an all-embracing history of mankind, and to discovering what constitutes the sum total of human endeavour and human achievement. This he did in his *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit.* It is a book which makes stimulating reading even today, and its influence, inside and outside Germany, has been incalculable. Indeed, the assumption is not unreasonable that modern history might well have shaped itself differently had it not been for this book, for it is not too much to say that from it has grown no small part of the problem of Eastern Europe.

Herder's purpose in studying human history was to explain it as illustrating and teaching the truths of religion, "the progress of God in nature, the intentions which the Eternal has presented to us in the actuality of His works." The science of the philosophy of history became degenerate in later hands when this religious aspect was forgotten. In Herder it is fundamental. He studies the growth and manifestation of human effort in all times and places, in order to ascertain what is the purpose of life in the world. It is that man should discover all the gifts that nature has given him, and should develop them harmoniously and symmetrically, so that the result will be a positive, well-balanced, striving personality, solicitous about its own development and respectful of that of others.

> Humanity is the character of our race; it is, however, inherited only as a natural predisposition; it must actually be inculcated. We do not bring it with us ready-made; but it must be the goal of our endeavour in the world, the sum of all our efforts, our whole value. For we do not know of men possessing the character of the angels; and if the daemon that rules us is not a human daemon, we become tormentors of mankind. That which is divine in our race is, thus, education for *Humanität;* all great and good men, lawgivers, inventors, philosophers, poets, artists, every noble-minded man, in his own station, in the education of his children, in the observance of his duties, by his example, his work and his teaching, has collaborated towards that end. *Humanität* is the treasure and the product of all human endeavours, as it were the whole art of the life of our race. Education for it is a work that must be continued without ceasing; or we shall sink back, higher and lower classes alike, into uncultured bestiality and brutality.

And Herder applied this same doctrine to a wider sphere, that of nationality. His total ideal was a future federation made up of national members all of whom had evolved in accordance with this general law, all equal and perfectly self-developed nationalities, each with complete freedom

to immortalize itself by making to the common cause its own individual contribution, its own particular realization of *Humanität*. Each must, therefore, strive in its own way towards the ideal, and each will necessarily be drawn into harmonious co-operation with its fellows because of the basic qualities they all possess in common. Everywhere, he said, there is an endless variety striving towards a unity that lies in all things. The local and the universal in humanity are fused together. The real purpose of nationalism is to be the main pillar in the temple of humanity. It is a sad irony that he whose greatest ideal was peace, should have been enlisted against it in recent times. He declared that there was nothing worse than aggressive nationalism and he believed that the final function of the state was self-effacement.

Yet his work as a whole sowed the seed from which this national doctrine grew to proportions beyond his imagination. He founded the historical outlook in Germany, and it is this more than anything else that has marked off that country from Western Europe. The universal ethical beliefs of the West were rejected in the end by this new attitude which emphasizes local and temporal circumstances and the relativity of ethical norms. Herder retained the fundamental dogmas of Christianity in his historical system, but he created that which ultimately thrust them to one side—the sense of evolution in every sphere of human activity. The Germans have always had a sharper feeling of dependence upon nature than the Western countries —a deeper consciousness of unity with the infinite, a romantic absorption in the magic of historical vistas and speculations and mirages. Herder combined this attitude with the ethical norms of the West, but the latter were bound to be lost sight of in the end, as the historical perspective which he opened up became ever more entrancing. Other, and greater, historians had a keener historical sense than Herder, yet his—no doubt because of its very vagueness—has exercised an influence which Gibbon's and Hume's has not. The historical sense nourished that feeling of yearning and desire which we have noted as his contribution to German literature, and caused it to extend to other fields. For the march of history told that all things have their rise and fall, that those to whom the Germans felt inferior—and superior—would pass through this process and in the end the destiny of Germany would be fulfilled. A consoling doctrine, to be sure. Herder gave the Germans something to believe in—themselves. He taught them to look into their own powers and their weaknesses, and in this way contributed not a little to the uprising of that envy and self-pity and that confident self-assertion which have marked their historical evolution in modern times. The Germans needed this guidance, the West did not. The East needed it more than Germany itself.

He supported this comforting doctrine with the authority of religion. But it was a vague and undogmatic religion; for while Herder retained the ethical system of Christianity, his God was very much like Faust's, an all-embracing Godhead, of which the world is the "living garment." This

faith tells that though we may be unaware of it, life, however futile, has its meaning in the great scheme of things. Out and out pessimism is thus impossible. All things may be justified by this fatalistic belief, as Germany was soon to discover. It is, I think, a major factor in the decline of German thought that the precision of religious dogma was given up, and given up within the Church itself. In the process of the secularization of Christianity in eighteenth-century Germany, Herder played a major, if unwitting, part.[3]

I have referred to the effect of Herder's writings in Eastern Europe. He had always been keenly interested in the Slavs since his early years at Riga, perhaps even from his childhood days at Mohrungen where his father officiated as precentor at the Polish church services. When he went to Riga in 1764 it was as if he had entered his land of promise, a refuge from the barren utilitarianism of Frederick's Prussia. He lived beside a people of great possibilities. His imagination was stirred, even overwhelmed, by the variety and immensity of new perspectives. As he read Russian history and geography, the works of Gerhard Friedrich Müller, Schlözer, and Büsching, there unrolled before him the whole incredible panorama of that European and Asiatic country, its antiquity, its primitiveness, its links with East and West, North and South, with China and Japan and North America, with Scandinavia, Persia, and India, its huge barbarous bulk in the process of learning, under the rule of Catherine the Great, something of Western civilization. Cossacks and Calmuks, Circassians and Tartars, Uzbeks and Kamchatkans and all the rest of its innumerable peoples whom he read about, captured his attention. It was a country with its own wealth of annals, ceremonies, traditions, and folk-lore—much more such wealth than Germany seemed to Herder to be able to display. Since it had not known the Reformation, the connection with the Middle Ages was intact. Its religious outlook—heathen and Christian—fatalistically stressed the rootedness of man in an all-enveloping nature and his dependence upon the unbroken course of history. The Byzantine mind was full of a religious philosophy of history in which sacred and profane, natural and supernatural happenings were on an equal footing and in which the seeds of messianism were hidden. There can be little doubt that the years in Russia set the match to Herder's awakening philosophy and gave it no little dynamic power. That is probably why his influence in the East was so strong: his teaching had a slightly familiar flavour about its Western content.

The material which Herder presented directly concerning the Slavs was not extensive. His folk-song collection contained Slavonic specimens and was inspired by the idea that language and literature are the instruments and mirrors of culture. The *Ideen* contained a brief chapter on the Slavs (not in itself an important one) idealizing them as a peaceful, indefatig-

[3]Since the above was written, I am happy to find my view supported by the conclusions of Karl Barth, *Die protestanische Theologie im neunzehnten Jahrhundert* (Zürich, 1947), 301-2.

able race, which, when liberated, would lead men nearer to the ideal of humanity. There are a few pages only, yet they worked wonders. They were translated by Slavic scholars and read with avidity. Combined with the doctrine, implicit in the *Ideen*, that each nation has a historic mission to fulfil, they made Herder the father of Slav nationalism. The Czechs and Slovaks were affected first and most profoundly of all. Czech and Slovak antiquity was glorified, folk-songs were collected, the language was cultivated and purged of foreign elements as nationalism grew more and more intense in the hands of Dobrowsky and Jungmann and their many disciples. A literary revolution was achieved which largely inspired the political one that was to follow. Parallel movements took place in all Slavonic countries, and Pan-Slavism developed as a matter of course. There could be no other outcome. The messianic doctrines which Herder was believed to have taught concerning the Slavs found ultimate acceptance in Russian politics. A mystical ideal of the regeneration of Europe at the hands of the Orthodox Christian Church, an ideal which involved the expulsion of the Turks from Constantinople, was the way in which this missionary enthusiasm expressed itself in Russian, Pan-Slav politics. Proselytizing zeal has not passed with the years.

Herder could not know that this would be the final outcome of his ideas. He could not know, either, that it would be a Slav who would reproduce most nearly his doctrine of *Humanität* in modern form. Yet Thomas Garrigue Masaryk's philosophy embodied it in a striking manner. Masaryk sought to pierce deep down spiritually into the life of individuals, nations, and mankind. He insisted upon reciprocity of national influences, and desired a harmonious association of nationalities. Nothing could reveal the kinship with Herder better than the following statements made by Masaryk:

> It is natural that, as a general rule, nationality should be determined by language, for language is an expression of the national spirit. . . . Conscious fostering of nationality implies therefore a comprehensive policy of culture and education. Literature and art, philosophy and science, legislation and the State, politics and administration, moral, religious, and intellectual style, have to be national. . . . The relationship between the nation and mankind, between nationality and internationality, between nationalism and humaneness of feeling is not that mankind as a whole and internationalism and humaneness are something apart from, against, or above the nation and nationality, but that nations are the natural organs of mankind. . . . Chauvinism, racial or national intolerance, not love of one's own people, is the foe of nations and humanity. Love of one's own nation does not entail non-love of other nations.

How difficult it has been to keep the flame clear since Herder set it alight!

Herder's influence was not confined to the Slavs. Mazzini's writings contain passages which closely, even verbally, parallel his views on nationality. Finland, too, can trace the publication of her national epic, the *Kalévala*, and the creation of a literary language to his inspiration. Hungary and Scandinavian and Baltic countries were also affected. Only in the West did his teachings carry little permanent weight, in spite of translations of his *Ideen* by Churchill in England (1800) and Quinet in France (1827-8).

Renan said, paradoxically, that he gathered together and included in himself the best in *French* thought: so that while he presented something new to Germany, the Western countries did not need him. Renan was not thinking of the profoundly mystical basis of Herder's philosophy, which came from his upbringing in East Prussia, the part of Germany where mysticism lived most powerfully. Mysticism had no appeal in the West, but it was a vital part of the whole thought of the East and was the channel through which in Herder the heritage of Montesquieu and others of the West was transmitted. Western thought in mystical guise assumed undreamt-of potency. So, as regards Western countries, we can only point to affinities—with Quinet, Michelet, Taine, Cousin, Renan, Jaurès—or to details, such as De Quincey's appreciative essay (1823), Felicia Hemans' conscious following of the example of his folk-song collection, his effect on Eric Linklater's Orcadian nationalism, and his indirect value for the origin of Irish nationalist literature.

I have left to the last Herder's best known achievement, his inspiration of his pupil Goethe. This involved more than what took place in those historic meetings at Strassburg in 1770. There Herder taught the young poet how barren and artificial German literature had grown and how it could only revive by emulating the originality of other literatures, that is, by basing itself upon the memorials of its native past, its popular songs and legends. Goethe put into practice what Herder taught, in literature and also in life. Not only did he alter the whole direction of German letters by the example of his *Götz* and *Werther* and his lyrics of the Storm and Stress years, not only did he collect folk-songs, as so many later poets were to do, and listen through them to the voice of nature from which they sprang, but he learned to cultivate a full, unrepressed existence, obeying only the inherent urge of his personality, not yielding to arbitrary form or convention, or evading or forcing or disguising self-expression. Herder taught Goethe to be himself, and through Goethe he spoke to all generations to come.

Herder's teaching, great as it was in 1770, asserted itself once more in the decade 1783-93 and provided Goethe with much of the mature philosophy he later incorporated in the completed *Faust* and elsewhere. The basic difference between the English and the German Faust is that the English Faust is damned and exists as a warning, whereas in Germany, thanks to Goethe, salvation has come to be regarded as Faust's rightful destiny, and he is generally considered as an example. Because of his salvation Faust has become a symbolical figure, occupying a leading place in the national mythology. To Herder does not belong the credit of inventing Faust's salvation. What he did was to provide the theological background that made it possible in the form which we now know. Thanks to Herder Faust's salvation is fortified with the authority of religion. This is what has given it so much of its dynamic effect, for good and bad, in modern times.

Herder's influence upon the Goethe of the middle Weimar years was much more extensive, if rather less precisely defined, than has commonly been supposed, and Goethe declared again and again in the frankest possible terms how much he admired and agreed with his friend's mature writings. "We are as near to one another," Goethe wrote, "as is ever possible without being one, and nearest of all in our major points of interest." He regarded Herder and his wife and Frau von Stein as the immediate public for whom he wrote his own works. When the Duchess of Weimar lost her little daughter, Goethe believed that he could find no better way of consoling her than to read to her the first volume of Herder's *Ideen*, which deals with death and immortality.

Herder looked forward to an all-embracing rebirth of human culture in the sense of *Humanität*. He laboured in the service of a civilization which should be as complete in its own way as Greek civilization, the highest known, had been in its. He found ever new symbols for his doctrine: it is the renewal of vegetation in the spring-time, dawn after night, awakening after slumber, rejuvenation, palingenesis. There is a gradation of being in all the universe, through which man must make his pilgrimage, learning as he lives, improving as he errs, despising the passing beauty of the moment, rejecting indolence and inaction. "Idleness is the original sin of mankind," he said. Through striving, through tireless, balanced effort, we develop and preserve our personalities and make a lasting contribution to the progress of humanity. "Our mind knows no nobler occupation than to follow the intentions of God in the eternal order of things." "The search for truth has the greater charm; the possession of it may, perhaps, make us sated and indolent. To pursue nature, first to surmise her exalted laws, then to observe, test and verify them, and now at this moment to find them confirmed a thousandfold, and then to apply them anew; finally, to perceive everywhere the same all-wise law, the same divine necessity, to come to love it, and to make it one's own, it is just this that gives human life its value." Unless he strives man's fate will be that of the unfortunate handmaidens of Helena in the second part of *Faust*, who merge with nature, lose their identities upon leaving this earth, and become no more than disintegrated stone or ashes blown by the wind. This transforms the *mal du siècle* and titanism of Goethe's *Urfaust* into something much more positive. Such fruitful endeavour is the intention of God and nature. It alone entitles man to continue his striving in the hereafter, as he moves to fresh spheres, and to approximate ever more closely to God, as the hyperbola approaches the asymptote. "The hyperbola approaches the asymptote, but never touches it. For our happiness, we can never lose the notion of our existence, and never attain to the infinite notion that we are God. . . . We approach perfection, but we never become infinitely perfect."

This outlook is fortified by a vague but plausible religious doctrine, which combines a belief in a transcendental God with the outer framework of pantheism. God is not the world and the world is not God, but it is his

living garment. It is, as I have hinted already, important to note the absence of orthodox dogma in this religious or quasi-religious background. For while the religious outlook which Herder created was, I am sure, intended to be an amplification of orthodox Christianity, it did in fact prove so congenial and acceptable as to displace the latter from a position of priority in German thought. Herder and Goethe taught that human striving should be incessant, but should also reflect the balance of the universe. What actually happened eventually was that a belief was precipitated that striving in itself, balanced or not, is justified. The idea of restraint has now receded. Faust has become the symbol of that despairing titanism which has been diagnosed as the disease in modern German thought. Dissatisfaction has come to be regarded as man's rightful lot, as the feeling of longing, frustration, and deprivation has become more acute with the passage of time. It has fed upon *Weltschmerz* and has nourished *Weltschmerz*. And this striving seems to possess divine sanction, thanks to the words of the Lord, in Goethe's "Prologue," and the whole tone of Herder's philosophy. It has been a never-failing spur to rise above material distress: it has unloosed something universally dynamic and uniquely productive in German spiritual life. But the door has been left wide open to aberration and excess, because of the aura of holiness with which striving has been surrounded and the belief, which Herder and Mephistopheles express, that evil is that which brings forth good. Error is that which teaches restraint. All man's efforts, even when he errs or vainly dreams, are proofs of his sovereignty. Imperfection exists in order that man may seek improvement. Mephistopheles becomes the "Paladin of Progress." As a modern satirist, R. A. Knox, has said: "There is no progress in Humanity without the surmounting of obstacles; thus, we are all now agreed, that Satan, far from meaning any harm to our race when he brought sin into the world, was most excellently disposed towards us, and desired nothing better than that we, having some good stout sins to overcome, should attain an eventful and exciting form of virtue, instead of languishing forever in that state of respectable innocence, which is so little creditable to the angels."

This darker side of Faustianism developed contrary to Herder's and Goethe's intention. One must acquit both men of even the shadow of guilt in this matter. They had the strongest moral sense. They were aware of the danger and themselves overcame it. Herder saw that the cult of the infinite and the resultant dissatisfaction were the malady of the modern world. Yet his vague religiosity actually fostered it. Quinet, who admired Herder with the enthusiasm of a friend, once declared that Germany arrived at the goal of scepticism no less definitely if by a different way from that taken by the rest of Europe, the way of mysticism. Scepticism was made to look like religion.

Elle n'est point tombée, comme d'autres, en un jour, par une chute précipitée, mais par une infinité de chutes et de courbes toutes formulées d'avance. Elle descend processionnellement dans le néant et scientifiquement dans le doute. Ses cathédrales sout usées, non

par le temps, mais par la prière et par les genoux des hommes. Elle met à leur front le bandeau du mysticisme, comme on ceint de fleurs d'hiver le front des vierges défuntes. Par une autre voie elle est arrivée au point où le monde l'avait précédée. . . . En France et en Angleterre, le doute a poussé son cri le plus éclatant par l'organe de Voltaire et de Byron. En Allemagne, on n'a point connu ce brusque déchirement qui ailleurs a arraché de si étonnantes plaintes. Le nœud des croyances a été lentement dénoué; la poésie a tenu longtemps la place de la religion.

To this process Herder contributed not a little, if unwittingly. He was speaking the truth when he condemned deism as that which might bring about the decline of the West, yet he preached something that was not far removed in its implications from deism. His dissociation of belief from dogma produced a doctrine which in the end could be applied to justify anything, once the acute moral sense which *he* possessed was weakened. The consciousness of the unity of man and nature, the belief that each individual embodies the seed of his whole experience, destroy the meaning of revelation, sin, grace, and charity, as Mr. Santayana has said: passions are sanctioned, the human will is identified with the law of nature, the ego can create a universe of its own, the pursuit of truth is preferred to the possession of truth, the keen winds of life to the gentle zephyrs, endeavour to achievement, discontent to happiness. A far cry from the doctrine of the "pursuit of happiness" so wisely inserted into the Declaration of Independence!

Yet this, like so many disturbing outcomes of Herder's teachings, is the precipitate of merely a *part* of his philosophy. Germany has progressively ignored all but his earliest writings, consoling itself by the not incorrect if misleading belief that in them is contained the seed of all his later work—a strange commentary on German "thoroughness." The cure for it is "more Herder," the study of his work *in toto*. Then it will emerge that his creed was not one which taught disillusion, or titanic self-assertion, but harmonious, restrained, co-operative effort, developing every factor in human existence. The antidote to Faustianism in its negative sense is in Herder's radiantly optimistic view that a future of human greatness lies ahead. It has been tragic for Germany that he has been neglected. "Let us," he said, "toil with glad courageous hearts, even though we are clouded in darkness. For we are toiling towards a great future. And let us take for our goal all that is as pure, clear and free from dross as we can; for we walk in delusion, twilight and mist." It would be uncharitable to say that implicit in this aspiration is the willingness, even the determination, to hand over the present to a mythical and inscrutable future in the name of civilization, a factor which has been so unhappy a feature of German thought. Herder did not intend to preach such sacrifice of today to tomorrow. It has been his misfortune that so much of what he said has been capable of misapplication. His real message in all its fullness has yet to be grasped by his fellow-countrymen. They might do worse than turn to him in their disaster, provided they attend to the broad human essentials first and the details afterwards.

"ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON"

GRAHAM MCINNES

DURING the last five years our casual reading habits have undergone a sharp change. We read more books; more detective books; "tougher" detective books.

The spectacular presence of the various twenty-five cent pocket editions, with their garish "come-on" covers, in every drugstore, railway station, hotel, and cigar-store may help to explain why people read *more* books. It is simply a question of availability. But the fact that 62 per cent of these are detective stories, definitely calls for a further explanation.

It is not a case of supply creating demand. Most of the titles of Pocket, Dell, Avon, and White Circle Books are detective stories; but this only shows that the public taste demanded them. The publishers of the pocket books are not in business for their health, and if they did not think that most people were interested in detective stories they would never bother publishing them. Now, detective stories appeal for somewhat the same reasons that crossword puzzles appeal: they offer an escape from drab reality; they flatter the ego by identifying the reader with the hero; they help us to indulge vicariously the love of violence that is always just beneath the skin of the most harmless of Caspar Milquetoasts.

Dorothy L. Sayers, herself no mean exponent of the art, once edited an omnibus of Detection, Mystery, and Horror. It was sub-divided into many headings, including Disease, Madness, Blood, Cruelty, and the Borderland of the Mind. It is no longer a case of the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady being sisters under the skin. The detective-story writer has hit on a truth which, after a war of unparalleled savagery, should not be hard to believe: that all of us are savages under the skin; that love is close to lust; cruelty the obverse of kindness; violence in all its forms continually attractive.

A famous pilot once observed that flying consists in long periods of huge boredom punctuated by moments of intense crisis. The art of the writer, and particularly of the good detective-story writer, lies in the fact that he can highlight those periods of intensity and make them real to us. The imagination, which is given little play in normal life, can, under the stimulus of the detective-story writer, be made to work overtime. The thugs and "dicks" can become as real to us as our own lives, and a great deal more exciting. In the detective story the elements of suspense are all united, and administered in a painless dose.

But those who have followed the fortunes of detective fiction have noticed a great change taking place during the last fifteen years. Whereas the chief writers on both sides of the Atlantic used to specialize in intellectual jig-saw puzzles, cloak and dagger melodrama, and conversation among the *haut monde*, their counterparts today work in taut sinewy prose, in dialogue

brief almost to the point of being laconic, and in an atmosphere of genial amorality.

Authors like Dorothy Sayers, Freeman Wills Crofts, Agatha Christie, and S. S. Van Dine made the fatal mistake of concentrating too much on the "whodunit" aspects of their trade. They became so fascinated with the notion that they must at all costs prevent the reader from discovering the murderer's trail, that they lost sight of the writer's basic task: to tell a story, and tell it well.

Wills Crofts' Inspector French moves among his London "pluguglies" with such painstaking virtue that, though the puzzle is completely solved, by the time the solution has been reached one has lost all interest. Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot long ago became a first-class bore, once she had reached the pinnacle of tortuous involvement, in *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, by having the person who tells the story commit the murder. And by the way, the alibi device in that book was provided by the voice of the dead man over a dictaphone; a piece of naïve witchery that, even in 1927, should have been laughed out of court by all serious "whodunit" devotees. But Dorothy Sayers and S. S. Van Dine were perhaps the worst offenders against pure story. Her Lord Peter Wimsey and his Philo Vance trod elegantly through a series of carefully planned chesslike moves, their clothes impeccable, their language lavender scented, their knowledge of marine biology, numismatics, old china, and fourteenth-century palimpsests unimpaired; but the reader's patience was sorely tried because he had the feeling that he was being put through a general knowledge quiz, that the authors were just a little bit too smart, and that, anyway, what did it really matter who killed whom? Did one want a real story or a problem in differential calculus dressed up with drawing-room witticisms?

The essence of a "whodunit" is still that it must excite, that it must grip. Literally one must not be able to put it down. This demands concision, understatement, wry humour, small words and petty situations whose terror is illumined by the knowledge of some horrible threat. Hence modern detective fiction demands cynically adult thought, morals, and emotions, and no confusion about standardized right and wrong. Above all it demands, supremely, the gift of spinning a yarn with the speed, brutality, and callous economy necessary to the world in which we live, and in which modern detective stories are presumably supposed to take place. And so we find that leadership in the field today has passed to the "deadpan chiller" school: adroit, sophisticated, and tough. The great names today are Dashiell Hammett, Graham Greene, Raymond Chandler, Eric Ambler, Jonathan Latimer, and James M. Cain.[1]

[1]Their better known works are as follows. Dashiell Hammett: *Red Harvest, The Maltese Falcon, The Glass Key, The Thin Man;* Graham Greene: *Ministry of Fear, Confidential Agent, It's a Battlefield;* Raymond Chandler: *The Big Sleep, Farewell My Lovely, The High Window, The Lady in the Lake;* Eric Ambler: *Background to Danger, Cause for Alarm, A Coffin for Dimitrios, Journey into Fear;* Jonathan Latimer: *Murder in the Madhouse, Lady in the Morgue;* James M. Cain: *The Postman Always Rings Twice, Double Indemnity.*

The detective methods of Sherlock Holmes would certainly not satisfy the "whodunit" addict of today, and the exploits of Conan Doyle's hero may now seem somewhat theatrical, as for example in the encounter between Holmes and the Duke of Holdernesse in *The Priory School:*

"Even more culpable in my opinion, your Grace, is your attitude towards your younger son. You leave him in this den for three days."

"Under solemn promises. . . ."

"What are promises to such people as these? To humour your guilty elder son you have exposed your innocent younger son to imminent and unnecessary danger. It was a most unjustifiable action."

The proud lord of Holdernesse was not accustomed to be so rated in his own ducal hall. The blood flushed into his high forehead, but his conscience held him dumb.

But despite these high jinks which are, after all, in the spirit of the times, the old master still remains a first-class story-teller; and there are those (their names not limited to Christopher Morley's "Baker Street Irregulars") who still get as great a thrill from *The Hound of the Baskervilles* or *The Speckled Band* as their grandfathers did. It *was* their grandfathers; for *A Scandal in Bohemia* first appeared in 1892.

But though the art of story-telling still remains supreme, the methods and especially the morals have changed to suit an age whose palate is perhaps more jaded and whose sense of right and wrong is certainly more confused. In Eric Ambler's *A Coffin for Dimitrios* a character observes: "There are some situations in which the audience can feel neither approval nor disapproval, sympathy nor antipathy; situations out of which there is no possible way that is not humiliating or distressing and from which there is no truth, however bitter, to be extracted. All I do know is that while might is right, while chaos and anarchy masquerade as order and enlightenment, those conditions will obtain."

The wary-eyed, sallow-skinned inscrutables who move through the pages of *Dimitrios* have the ageless immorality of Byzantine court intriguers and mirror a civilization both violent and putrescent. Their acts may seem the less violent but are truly the more shocking, because they are so often committed without heat. Take, for example: Mr. Peters, a pander and dope pedlar whose pursuit of evil masks a meanness Herculean in its proportions; Grodek, the master spy, whose cynicism is so deep as to appear a kind of deathlike light-heartedness; Bulic, the Belgrade dupe, whose petty greed gains him imprisonment for life; Dimitrios himself, an Eastern European Sammy Glick who would commit a common murder for $100. Against a background of European intrigue their acts reflect the amorality of the society that gave them birth.

When the hero at last comes face to face with Dimitrios he observes:

A man's features are the product of a biological process; but his face he creates for himself. He wears it like a devil mask. It is a screen to hide his mind's nakedness. The duplicity of others must always be shocking when one is unconscious of one's own. Actually the face was utterly expressionless, as impassive as that of a lizard.

> The face of Dimitrios might not be revealing, but the voice certainly was. It was very coarse and sharp, with an acrid quality that made nonsense of any grace implicit in the words it produced. Its promise was as deadly as the rattle of a rattlesnake.
>
> Into Mr. Peters' face had come the look of unsmiling adenoidal viciousness that Latimer had seen in Sofia. Dimitrios stared at him unblinkingly. In an instant the atmosphere had become deadly with a naked hatred that to Latimer was quite horrible. He felt as he had once felt when, as a child, he had seen a street fight between two middle aged men. He saw Mr. Peters draw the Luger from his pocket and weigh it in his hands.

Perhaps nowhere in detective fiction has the amoral violence of our times been more subtly mirrored.

But against a Chicago or California background such emotions may seem even more violent (as in the works of James M. Cain or Raymond Chandler) simply because the surroundings, being North American, are more or less our own. It is the gnarled and weary maturity of Europe that looks out at us from the pages of Ambler and Greene. The standards of morality are as low with Hammett or Chandler, but the background is familiar. The presence of cynicism or sinister motive, especially when underplayed, is perhaps even more startling than its European counterpart.

Consider the following dialogue from Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*. Sam Spade, the tough detective who works on the shady side of the law, is talking to Bridget O'Saughnessy, alias Miss Wunderly, a woman whose powerful sexuality and apparently guileless dishonesty have already enabled her to commit two murders. Spade is half in love with her; but divines that she would willingly turn him over to the police to clear herself. While she clings in his arms, in a San Francisco apartment, he decides to let her hang.

> "I've no reason in God's world to think I can trust you, and if I did this and got away with it you'd have something on me that you could use whenever you happened to want to; and since I've also got something on you, I couldn't be sure you wouldn't decide to shoot a hole in me some day.
>
> "Seventh, I don't even like the idea of thinking there might be one chance in a hundred that you'd play me for a sucker. And eighth—but that's enough. Now on the other side what have we got? All we've got is the fact that maybe you love me and maybe I love you.
>
> "If I did it and got sent over then I'd be sure I was the sap. If I send you over, I'll be sorry as hell, but that'll pass. Listen! I won't play the sap because all of me wants to and because you've counted on that with me the same as you counted on that with the others."

The atmosphere is as full of hatred as that of the scene in *Dimitrios*, but it is masked by a taut colloquialism which perhaps makes it, in its context, even more shocking.

The new adepts of spy and detective fiction are all comparatively young. Dashiell Hammett, their dean, is barely fifty; Ambler, Greene, and Latimer are still in their mid-thirties. Significantly, none of them are pure novelists; all came up through various branches of practical journalism; and each had mastered functional expression in one of the modern writing media before turning to detective and spy fiction. Greene and Chandler were newspaper-men. Ambler graduated *via* copy writing, movie and radio

scripts. Hammett for almost two decades wrote for the pulps. This explains their gift for dramatic compression and swift easy dialogue. It also accounts for their outstanding success in films.

That many of them write exclusively for the screen (Hammett has not published anything since *The Thin Man* in 1934) is evidence of their ability as screen writers; but that their books have been so successfully translated to the screen is evidence that they write *in film terms*. This is not to imply that they write deliberately with an eye to the screen. It is merely that their writing, being compressed, meaty, and tense, is clearly visual in its impact and its quality.

We may take an example from Hammett's *The Glass Key*, a novel of big-town politics, vicious racketeers, and craven newspaper-men. Jeff, a bruiser employed by Shad O'Rory, a vice king who seeks to wrest control of the city from Paul Madvig, its present boss, is conversing with Ned Beaumont, Madvig's man Friday, in a dive owned by O'Rory. O'Rory has entered unexpectedly and is clearly annoyed at finding Jeff talking to Beaumont.

The waiter arrived with their drinks. O'Rory stopped him. "Never mind, they've had enough. You talk too much Jeff, I've told you that before."

Jeff stood up. "Don't be a heel, Shad," he said. "What the hell?" He put his arms out to embrace O'Rory, lurching towards him. "Sure, I'm smoked, but. . . ."

O'Rory put a white hand on the apish man's chest and thrust him back.

"Sit down." He did not raise his voice.

Jeff's fist whipped out at O'Rory's face.

O'Rory's head moved to the right, barely enough to let the fist whip past his cheek. O'Rory's long, finely sculptured face was gravely composed. His right hand dropped down behind his hip.

Ned Beaumont flung from his chair at O'Rory's right arm, caught it with both hands, going down on his knees. Jeff, thrown against the wall by the impetus behind his left fist, now turned and took Shad O'Rory's throat in both hands. The apish face was yellow, distorted, hideous. There was no longer any drunkenness in it.

"Got the roscoe?" Jeff panted.

"Yes." Ned Beaumont stood up, stepped back holding a black pistol levelled at O'Rory. O'Rory's eyes were glassy, protuberant, his face mottled, turgid. He did not struggle against the man holding his throat.

Jeff turned his head to grin at Ned Beaumont. The grin was wide, genuine, idiotically bestial. Jeff's little red eyes glinted merrily. He said in a hoarse goodnatured voice: "Now you see what we got to do. We got to give him the works."

Grinning from ear to ear at Ned Beaumont, not looking at the man whose throat he held in his hands, Jeff began to take in and let out long slow breaths. His coat became lumpy over his shoulders and back and along his arms. Sweat appeared on his ugly dark face.

O'Rory's face was liver-colored. His eyes stood far out, blind. His tongue came out blue between bluish lips. His slender body writhed. There was a muffled crack, then, almost immediately, a sharper one. O'Rory did not writhe now. He sagged in Jeff's hands.

Jeff laughed in his throat. "That's keno," he said. He dropped O'Rory's body on the sofa. Jeff rubbed his hands on his hips and faced Ned Beaumont. "I'm just a big goodnatured slob," he said. "Anybody can kick me around all they want to and I never do nothing about it."

Despite the staccato sentences and the deceptive simplicity of the writing, there is enough emotion, psychological conflict, and violent action packed into this scene to enable any director to film it as it stands. In both versions of the film (one with George Raft and Edward Arnold; one with Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy) this scene was shot precisely as it is written, with the immensely effective addition of a blues, played on an ancient piano, filtering through on the soundtrack behind the dialogue. Even the direction for this can be found in the book a few pages earlier. It remains one of the most sombrely effective scenes ever filmed.

The number of screen plays made from the books of these writers is phenomenal, and the movies have been as artistically successful as the books, allowing for the usual maddening Hays Office excisions. Twelve of the eighteen books have made memorable films. Hammett's big three, *The Glass Key*, *The Maltese Falcon*, and *The Thin Man*, have all been filmed, and he now writes exclusively for the screen. Raymond Chandler's *Farewell My Lovely*, the story of a taxi-dancer who wanted to forget her past and a bouncer who wouldn't let her, and perhaps the most superb piece of plot work in modern detective fiction, came to the screen as *Murder, My Sweet.* James M. Cain's *Double Indemnity*, the tale of an insurance salesman who tangled with an "Irrawaddy cobra" determined to murder her husband for his policy, was a chilling screen success, and so was MGM's version of his dark and passionate *The Postman Always Rings Twice.*

Eric Ambler's more measured story-telling and more sophisticated outlook have suffered at Hollywood's hands; but *The Mask of Dimitrios* and *Journey into Fear* were nevertheless memorable films. Graham Greene is represented by the sinister *Ministry of Fear* and *Confidential Agent.* These are not accidents. Not only is the writing good screen material; it reads like a movie script.

Because of this, the stories are all extraordinarily compressed. The average Hammett novel, for instance, rarely exceeds two hundred pages; but it demands the most careful reading simply because the prose has been wrung out until it represents the irreducible essence of action and emotion. It has, in its own sphere, the polish and meat of an essay by Bacon or a poem by Donne, both of whom, by the way, lived in an age of violence and transition. The following passages are typical. The first is perhaps merely smart. The second contains enough action in a paragraph to last one a week.

From *Blood Money*, written in the pulp days:

> At 3 a.m. my bedside phone took my ear out of the pillows. The voice that came over the wire was the Canadian op's.
>
> "Exit Airlie," he said.
>
> "R.I.P.?"
>
> "Yep."
>
> "How?"
>
> "Lead."
>
> "Our lad's?"

"Yep."
"Keep till morning?"
"Yep."
"See you at the office," and I went back to sleep.

From *Red Harvest*, his first major novel:

O'Marra, out in the middle of the street, bent far over, tossed a bomb onto the building's brick roof. It didn't explode. O'Marra put one foot high in the air, clawed at his throat and fell solidly backward. Another of our party went down under the slugs that were cutting at us from a wooden building next to the brick one. Reno cursed stolidly and said, "Burn em out, Fat." Fat spit on a bomb, ran around the back of our car and swung his arm. We picked ourselves up off the sidewalk, dodged flying things, and saw that the frame house was all out of whack with flames climbing its torn edges. We waited a moment, and then Pete the Finn appeared in the dynamited doorway, his hands holding the top of his bald head. Reno called him a lousy fish-eater and shot him four times in face and body. Pete went down. A man behind me laughed. Reno hurled the remaining bomb through the doorway. We scrambled into our car and packed it in layers with the overflow hanging on the running boards. We bumped over dead Hank O'Marra's legs and headed for home.

In the matter of dialogue, however, and the apt phrase, Hammett probably yields to Latimer and Chandler. It is doubtful whether any detective writer has ever combined easy dialogue, development of character, and the revelation of motive with as sprightly a wit as Chandler. The following is from *The High Window*. Philip Marlowe, the detective, is talking to a night-club dancer's chauffeur:

"How's the little old expense account?" he asked in a small careful voice.
"Fat with inactivity."
"For five I could start thinking."
"I wouldn't want to make it that tough for you."
"For ten I could sing like four canaries and a steel guitar."
"I don't like these plushy orchestrations," I said.
He cocked his head sideways. "Talk English, Jack."
"I don't want you to lose your job son. All I want to know is whether Mrs. Morny is home. Does that rate more than a buck?"
"Don't worry about my job, Jack. I'm solid."
"With Morny—or somebody else?"
"You want that for the same buck?"
"Two bucks."
He eyed me over. "You ain't working for him, are you?"
"Sure."
"You're a liar."
"Sure."
"Gimme the two bucks," he snapped.
I gave him two dollars.
"She's in the backyard with a friend," he said. "A nice friend. You got a friend that don't work and a husband that works, you're all set, see?"
He leered.
"You'll be all set in an irrigation ditch one of these days."
"Not me Jack. I'm wise. I know how to play 'em. I monkeyed around these kind of people all my life."

His descriptive phrases have the stroke of genius. They combine sardonic whip-lash wit with the smart comeback, a sure knowledge of the

vernacular, and an eye for startling simile and metaphor. We go again to *The High Window*—a description of Mrs. Morny: "She looked at us lazily as we came over the grass. From thirty feet away she looked like a lot of class. From ten feet away she looked like something made up to be seen from thirty feet away."

As one critic observes, Chandler can make the English language jump through hoops. He might have added that these acrobatics leave us less with a sense of straining for effect than of imaginative daring. *Farewell My Lovely* can furnish a hundred pithy phrases like the following, all taken from one page:

Suspicion climbed all over her face, like a kitten, but not so playfully.

The women had good legs and displayed their inside curves more than Will Hays would have liked, but their faces were as threadbare as a bookkeeper's office coat.

"Uh-uh," the voice dragged itself out of her throat like a sick man getting out of bed.

A bogus heartiness, as weak as Chinaman's tea, moved into her face and voice.

She simpered. She was as cute as a washtub.

But these verbal gymnastics would be nothing without the quality of terror and suspense that comes through intricate plot work. The method of achieving the terror varies in the American and British schools. In the two passages noted below it will be seen that the English one depends for its effect on the impact of violent events on a humdrum personality. The American depends for its punch on the fact that the bald description suddenly illumines, like a shaft of garish light, the motives and deeds of evil characters guessed at dimly for two hundred pages of mounting suspense.

The first is from Eric Ambler's *Journey into Fear*. Graham, the British engineer hero, is about to be murdered by German spies because he carries Turkish naval secrets. "All that had happened to him was that he had discovered the fear of death."

He turned quickly, the blood rushing up to his head, and met Moeller's eyes.

Moeller nodded. "Yes, Mr. Graham, this is just about as far as you are going. When the car stops and you are asked to get out, please do so without physical protest. If you cannot consider your own dignity at such a time, please think of the cushions of the car."

The car stopped. Moeller said something to Banat. Banat grinned. In that second Graham acted. His last wretched little bluff had been called. They were going to kill him and did not care whether he knew it or not. They were anxious only that his blood should not soil the cushions. A sudden blind fury seized him. He pulled out Mathis' revolver and fired it full in Banat's face.

The second is from Raymond Chandler's *The High Window*.

It was a small picture, not interesting at all. A guy leaning far out of a window and calling out to somebody downstairs.

The touch of the idea was at first so light I almost missed it and passed on. The touch of a snowflake. A high window—a man leaning out—a long time ago.

It snapped into place. It was so hot it sizzled. Out of a high window a long time ago —eight years ago—a man leaning—too far—a man falling to his death. A man named Horace Bright.

There I was holding the photograph. And so far as I could see it didn't mean a thing. I knew it had to. I kept on looking at it and in a little while something was wrong. It was a very small thing, but it was vital. The hands were not touching anything. It was the inside of his wrists that lined against the angle of the bricks. The hands were in the air. The man was not leaning. He was falling.

Perhaps this method of achieving terror is not effective in the literary sense. Nevertheless, such passages show why these novels are read with a feeling of suspense that makes it hard to lay them aside, and why they mirror so accurately the nightmare confusion and jungle illiteracy of our day. These extracts may not lead you to buy these books; they were not quoted for that purpose. But they offer some comment on the methods of a new type of spy and detective fiction which has developed during the last fifteen years and which we have been reading avidly ever since it became available in popular form. The ultimate reason for the success of these books lies deeper than mere craft, skill, or psychological understanding. Such novels represent, above all, the violence and confused moral values which are the image of our time. They lay bare, without comment, the philosophy of what Eric Ambler has so aptly called "the apes in velvet."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HIGHER EDUCATION*

W. R. TAYLOR

The contents of this small book consist of four lectures delivered by Sir Richard Livingstone, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in September, 1945, at the University of Toronto. The first three lectures were on the Burwash Foundation of Victoria University; the last lecture, which is related in spirit, if not structurally, to the others was given as a Sir Robert Falconer Memorial Lecture. The approach to the problem of education in the modern world, as set forth by Sir Richard here, follows closely that with which he acquainted us in his *Education for a World Adrift* (1943). The repetition of the theme in a slightly altered form has worked for its advantage, adding fresh force and appositeness to the argument, so that, in spite of the modest limits within which it is confined, it is probably the most impressive contribution that England has offered in these days to the current discussions on the philosophy of higher education.

The factors which have produced a high degree of uneasiness in the leading universities of the English-speaking countries and led them to question the quality of their performance as teaching institutions are adumbrated in the course of the examination of the basal problems in education. They are indicated more explicitly in the opening chapter of the earlier book, but between 1943 and 1945 they had been so generally canvassed that Sir Richard, doubtless, felt no need again to bring them out in full relief. In this respect, he probably paid too high a compliment to the intelligence and discernment of his Toronto audiences, since his indirect references to the circumstances which in the major universities of America and England have raised the problem of curriculum elicited no noticeable local response.

However, the factors which have been introducing confusion and chaos into the educational process in our institutions of higher learning cannot be ignored by the sincere educator, if he is to address himself successfully to his task in the modern world. We cannot be unaware that the traditional basic curriculum which constituted the education of a free man and which was wholly regulative up to the second half or even to the end of the nineteenth century has been so completely jettisoned on one or another pretext that here, in America, our twentieth-century universities present in their curricular patterns such lack of controlling principle, such amorphous design, and such desultory performance that one of their professors has been led to describe American higher education as a dismal swamp. The first of the factors that has led to the abandonment of the traditional standard of a liberal education is the rapid growth in the number of students registered in our universities. In Canada, for example, while the general

**Some Tasks for Education.* By Sir RICHARD LIVINGSTONE. London and Toronto: Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. 1946. Pp. viii, 98. ($1.25)

population has doubled during the last forty-five years, the attendance at our universities has increased, at least, five or six times. This movement of youth to the universities reflects the growing democratization of our society. Even in the ancient seats of learning in England, the student body is no longer composed mainly of those who belonged to the ruling minority of society. And this popular conviction that the privilege of attending a university is a democratic right receives fresh sanction from year to year in the growing number of professional, social, and governmental vocations that require of their recruits trained intelligence and special expertness. It follows naturally that the right of attending a university is not reserved for those who by personal endowments are best able to profit by it, but is offered to all who wish to avail themselves of it. Hence the standards of culture tend to fall towards the level of the lowest common denominator of the mass. With the change in the type of student there comes also a change in the content of the curriculum. The student in the modern university, having no assured social and economic status, is interested only to a subordinate degree in learning the arts and the point of view that become a gentleman, but supremely in acquiring the special knowledge and techniques that will enable him to earn a living and to improve his social and economic status. "What the people want of a University is in blunt terms a job-centred education." And in this attitude to the curriculum the student is aided and abetted by the trends in modern society. Our growing industrialization, the application of science and invention to the increase of production and to the subjugation of natural forces and substances to ease the struggle for existence, and the complexities of our social development, have conspired to demand of our universities an output of men with only a specialized knowledge. The universities have responded with the creation of the professional faculties and with the establishment of schools and special departments. The result is that university education has ceased to be governed by any regnant idea which fits all its parts into a single pattern; in turning the student into a specialist, we have lost sight of the whole man. Universities in which components are flying apart give little promise of strength or cohesion to the structure of modern society.

Some Tasks for Education is an attempt to offer a remedy for this lapse in higher education. Since his is one of several remedies that have been proposed recently in the same vein, to understand Sir Richard's it is necessary to set it alongside of or over against the others. Columbia University in its report on *A College Program in Action* describes a plan of education which has been maturing there during the last twenty-five years. The core of the plan is to provide as a foundation for specialized interests a series of introductory courses in the three fields of science, the social studies, and the humanities. There is no attempt to justify the curricular structure by a philosophy or theory of general education. Nor does there seem to be any evidence of an attempt to assess the value of the scheme by its products. Like some other things that emanate from Columbia the plan is pragmatic;

but no one seems to know whether it works better than other competitive schemes. The university-public are now well acquainted with the report of the Harvard Committee on *General Education in a Free Society*. Although the Harvard scheme in its curricular structure is not substantially different from that which is in operation at Columbia, it does pretend to rise out of a philosophy of higher education. "Its purport is that general education should seek primarily to develop the ability to think effectively, to communicate thought, to make relevant judgments, and to discriminate among values." "Discrimination among values requires not only awareness of different kinds of values—moral, intellectual, and aesthetic—but of their relations, including a sense of relative importance and of the mutual dependence of means and ends." It is the belief of the report that knowledge of values will involve commitment to them, that facts and values are not separable. "Values are rooted in facts; and human ideals are somehow a part of nature." It is in this emphasis on values and their validity without distinction of kind that a basal feature of the Harvard report emerges. It is clear that for the achievement of the Harvard goal there must be a high standard of selectivity in the construction of the staff, and also in the structure of a curriculum in which content is of prior importance to the elements of methodology. José Ortega y Gasset in his *Mission of the University* also offers a criterion of the modern university. While he allows that the functions of university include the teaching of the professions and the encouragement of scientific research, the prime function, in his opinion, is that of the transmission of culture. By culture he means not some "ornamental accessory for the life of leisure," but "the vital system of ideas of a period." "Culture requires that we possess a complete concept of the world and of man." Science will supply its share of the regulative ideas of a period. But culture is not science. "There are entire portions of science which are not culture, but pure scientific technique." "Life cannot wait until the sciences may have explained the universe scientifically. We cannot put off living until we are ready." Ortega holds that Western man is paying a heavy penalty because of his lack of culture. "The convulsive situation in Europe at the present time is due to the fact that the average Englishman, the average Frenchman, the average German, are uncultured: they are ignorant of the essential system of ideas concerning the world and man, which belong to our times." "Never perhaps has the ordinary man been so far below his times and what they demand of him. Never has the civilized world so abounded in falsified, cheated lives." Accordingly, Ortega would have as the nucleus of a university a "Faculty of Culture" in which would be taught: (*a*) the physical scheme of the world (physics), (*b*) the fundamental themes of organic life (biology), (*c*) the historical process of the human species, (*d*) the structure and functioning of social life, (*e*) the plan of the universe (philosophy). As an European, Ortega would subsume a knowledge of language and literature.

It is to be noted that in the brilliant exposition of his ideas Ortega says

little about the authority of values or value-judgments, nor does he allow for the existence of any criteria by which the pattern of a period, taken as a whole, is to be accepted, corrected, or rejected. Is the pattern of culture of the eighteenth century better or worse than that of the Renaissance period, or how does that of the twentieth century compare with those of either of its predecessors?

It is, then, with these various proposals for reform in higher education that Sir Richard Livingstone's must be brought in comparison. We are prepared for the atmosphere in which his thought moves by the opening lecture of the series, which could be designated a Socratic monologue. From the first, he warns us against the deceptiveness of familiar phrases. "We need a modern education for a modern world." "We have to prepare our youth to live in a contemporary world." There is danger that such plausible phrases may become worse than claptrap, concealing from us the real problem of our epoch. "In what sense is our world modern, that is, different from the world of a thousand or two thousand years ago?" The physical sciences and the social sciences must be taken account of, but they are not the bread of life, since in the final analysis we cannot live by them. "The 'modern world' is only partly modern and the most important things in it existed millenia before Darwin or Faraday or Rutherford. Applied science, technology, new techniques in government and economics, are only the changing dress of a human nature that changes all too little. Each age must learn to wear its peculiar dress and be familiar with its own techniques. But it must not be so fascinated with these as to ignore more permanent things." "The complaint that I should make about those who wish to base education on the social or physical sciences is that they are aware of some needs of our time but not of its greatest need." "If economics, science, technology and organization were all that were needed, there was nothing wrong with Germany."

The text on which Sir Richard sounds all the changes is Plato's dictum, "States are made, not from rocks and trees, but from the characters of their citizens which turn the scale and draw everything after them." The supreme task of education, it follows, is the training of character. Seeing that we live in a time when the whole "moral basis of Western civilization threatens to slide from under our feet," one can scarcely doubt the urgency of the human problem or its primacy as a concern of education for a modern world. The Roman Empire could boast of a populace well fed, well housed, with abundance of work and with enough amusement to serve its ample leisure hours, but it lacked the supreme criterion of civilization—a sense of right values in the field of character. Since the end of education is to bring youth to a good quality of life, its method must be to bring their minds into close acquaintance with that which is most excellent in the fields of the moral, the intellectual, and the imaginative, to help them "to get a glimpse of the unchanging values of the eternal world as revealed in whatever is beautiful and good in the material world of earth." The model

for human greatness and goodness is to be derived from the revelation of human nature at its best, that is, from the revelation in religion, poetry, and history. Having given first attention to the civilizing of the Adam in man, we may then introduce into the curriculum the accessories of man's mundane life: "*science*, by which he increases his knowledge and control of the universe; *politics and economics*, by which he creates and regulates the society that will serve the good life; *languages*, through which he has access not only to his fellow men but to the collective wisdom of the world; *industry and commerce*, regarded not merely as means of making money, but as Plato conceived, as mothers and nurses that supply mankind with the necessaries of life."

It will be observed that while Sir Richard leans towards the classical tradition, he is in line with the Harvard report, which states emphatically, "*One of the aims of education is to break the strong hold of the present on the mind.*" It is in this respect that Ortega for all the brilliance of his analysis betrays a blind spot. Above all others, inclusive even of the high-minded Harvard report, Sir Richard stresses the human problem—"man is the real problem, the old, the modern problem." Though he has not favoured us with an outline of a curriculum constructed in conformity with his ideal, it is probable that literature, history, and philosophy would be given a larger place than in the Harvard plan and that in the other fields the historical approach would be urged in order that the student might see that modern problems are old ones with new faces. By appropriating the best in our heritage, we are helped towards the realization of the good life, straining "every nerve to live by the highest things in us."

THE MAJOR PHASE OF HENRY JAMES*

LEON EDEL

This book has been before the American public for three years but it has only recently been published in England and Canada. If there is special ground for reviewing it in these pages it is that the substance of the volume was first delivered as the Alexander Lectures at the University of Toronto. There is still another reason. The figure of Henry James—surely the most complicated and most influential in the relatively short history of the American novel—has always commanded close and scholarly attention at Toronto. Professor Pelham Edgar's valuable pioneering volume on James was written at a time when, south of the border, the novelist was still being discussed less as an artist than as an expatriate who renounced his American citizenship at the start of the First World War. It is only in recent years that American scholars and critics have "dis-

**Henry James: The Major Phase.* By F. O. MATTHIESSEN. New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1944. Pp. 190. ($3.00)

covered" James, and they have tended to treat him as a literary riddle rather than as a creative human being.

Mr. Matthiessen's search has been deeper than most and he has had the advantage of a vast body of unpublished material at Harvard. *The Major Phase* is an attempt to study the significance of the three "big" novels which crowned Henry James's career as an artist; as such it is not so much a record or a critique of a "phase" as a series of essays on the novels in question—*The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl*. To these Mr. Matthiessen adds an essay on James's book of American travel, *The American Scene*, and the posthumous and unfinished *The Ivory Tower*. By way of introduction there is a brief study of James's method of "thinking out" pen in hand his various stories as revealed in his as yet unpublished notebooks, and by way of conclusion an essay on his "total view" of the world of which he wrote. An appendix discusses the manner in which the novelist revised *The Portrait of a Lady* for the Definitive Edition of his novels and tales.

This is far from being, therefore, a systematic and integrated study of Henry James's "major phase," which began in 1895 after the catastrophic failure of his play *Guy Domville* and was marked by absorption into the writing of his fiction of the experience of his "dramatic years." Such a study would have to begin with the notebooks for 1894-5 in which the three major novels are first adumbrated and go on to examine the series of novels and stories from 1895 to 1900 in which Henry James displayed his new and, as we now know, revolutionary technique—*The Spoils of Poynton*, *The Other House*, *What Maisie Knew*; the novelettes *In the Cage* and *The Turn of the Screw*; the technical tour de force *The Awkward Age*; and the curious and elusive *The Sacred Fount*. It was only after these works that the three final novels were written, and Henry James was far from *épuisé*. The creative energy of the man, as he nears his seventieth year, is astounding. He rewrites his early works for the Definitive Edition, as if, in the end, he were trying to rewrite his whole creative life, and appends to them the illuminating Prefaces that are a volume in themselves. He writes the two-volume life of William Wetmore Story. He revises his travel sketches in *English Hours* and *Italian Hours*, he revisits America, makes a lecture tour, produces *The American Scene* and a now forgotten series of articles on the speech and manners of American women. He puts forth three volumes of short stories. He writes four plays. He assembles his *Notes on Novelists*. And as if this were not enough he caps this production with two extraordinary volumes of autobiographical reminiscence—major works of their *genre*—that foreshadowed Proustian remembrance. Then he throws himself into war work. And when he dies he leaves two substantial, if incomplete, works that show no flagging of creative energy. *There* is the complete major phase of which Mr. Matthiessen gives us only a few facets. What was there in Henry James's life and experience that contributed to this extraordinary release at the end of his life, at a time when other writers

find their resources waning and the fount of their creative energy drying up? The book does not answer this all-important question.

Nor does the critic, in his analysis of the three big novels, see how they are the outcome of—and closely related to—the long series of death and death-in-life fantasies that fill the notebooks during the nineties. *The Ambassadors*, noted in the year James was seeking compensations for the frustration of *Guy Domville*, is a cry to "live all you can." *The Wings of the Dove* is a cry against early death. *The Golden Bowl* is an affirmation of the victory of life over sterile family ties. *The Wings of the Dove* was first elaborated in the notebooks during the year of "The Altar of the Dead" and "The Death of the Lion"—a death-haunted year for James. A close study of the major phase leads us to a comprehensive picture of an artist engaged in a deep struggle against the nightmare of non-success, which to some is an artistic death, and shows us the steps by which James defied this death and arrived at the necessary adjustment that made creation possible for him. The very things he created are compounded of this inner experience, revealed to the full in the notebooks.

Mr. Matthiessen's use of the notebooks has been rather to regard them as so many individual notations of ideas and themes than see them as a continuous whole, the fruit of a rich, questioning mind constantly associating and elaborating its fantasies in a recurrent pattern that dovetails with what we know of James's experiences in the outer world. This reviewer, on reading the notebooks, constantly had a sense of excitement—the feeling that he had passed through the portals of a great adventurous mind, and was face to face with the unconscious process of creation: a Jamesian *Road to Xanadu* laid out with a spontaneity and explicitness, a richness of association, and an intensity of feeling which, it seems to him, Mr. Matthiessen does not sufficiently convey.

Mr. Matthiessen's final chapter, "The Religion of Consciousness," is a sensitive appraisal of the novelist's belief (amounting if you will to a religion) in the individual, and in his "consciousness"—that is, in his observation, experience, and understanding of the individual as an observer and absorber of life. He finds in this a concreteness that was lacking in the more universal religious concepts of Henry's father and the equalitarianism of his brother. He describes Henry Sr.'s "visitation" or "vastation" and William's religious experience—involving in both cases day-nightmares of fear and horror symptomatic of anxieties and insecurities that affected both men profoundly. But he might have looked nearer at hand, into Henry's own experience, the dream-fugue of the nightmare recounted in *A Small Boy and Others*, in which the novelist describes a dream of horror he regarded as "the most appalling yet most admirable nightmare of my life," and which he remembered across four or five decades. It differs from those of his father and brother in that the sense of fright and horror was promptly conquered by a sense of victory, triumph, compensation, even as James's

characters, for all their renunciations, invariably find inner rewarding triumphs and compensations.

So too his concept of Evil—supernatural or natural—of which T. S. Eliot and Graham Greene have made so much, was in reality not so much a sense of external and uncontrollable forces working upon humans as an understanding of destructive forces within the individual. The terror of *The Turn of the Screw* resides in the well-motivated consciousness of the governess. Rose Armiger in *The Other House* and Kate Croy in *The Wings of the Dove*, are figures of evil since Rose murders a child and Kate instigates a "psychological murder." Yet both these women are treated sympathetically by James. He approaches them concretely as a psychologist. He motivates their every act and shows them as the victims of their neuroses and compulsions as well as of their social heritage.

James thought of himself as a man without religion. He asked others to pray for him during the nervous hours preceding *Guy Domville* with a half-humorous intent that betrayed his fears, and wrote to William jocularly: "This is a time when a man wants a religion." He accepted religion as an institution as he had accepted it in his father and rejected it for himself. Mr. Matthiessen explains the short story "The Great Good Place" as deriving from James's "uprooted religious sense" (if we can uproot something that had no roots) but this is to observe only the surface of the story. It is the account of a writer who, exhausted by worldly pressures, escapes in a dream to a "great good place," a sort of half-monastery, a Protestant retreat, in which there is an absence of the worldly material things that many consider the hall-marks of American civilization. Chronologically this story belongs to the period of "The Middle Years" (an author who asks for another chance, to write his great work) and *Guy Domville* (a hero who renounces the world for the monastery). It is an expression of James's struggle between the conflicts of worldly life and the childish wish—in a moment of harassment—to return to the protection and solace of Mother. The softness and femininity Mr. Matthiessen finds so objectionable in this story are explicable—and acceptable, if understood—in terms of James's evocation of a Mother-image in a striking series of associations which the critic overlooks. One might see Mother-Church in "The Great Good Place," but we must remember that the solace of Mother, in childhood, precedes that of Mother-Church. James's Mother-Church, as he only too clearly makes us understand, was a monastery of literature of his own creation.

Mr. Matthiessen's is a critical rather than a scholarly mind, sensitive to symbols, images, words, to the meaning of language as a signature of the unconscious. His criticism is compounded of a series of delicate brush strokes, and he gives us gleams and insights that are stimulating to an extraordinary degree. It is "impressionistic" criticism, but it has an elusive quality. It seldom leads to a view of the whole. We ride with him on a train and look upon a fascinating and ever-changing landscape, but we

never return to synthesize and re-evaluate, to make sure that we have really seen—what we have seen! Impression and intuition in such circumstances run the risk of being divorced from fact and this makes one wonder whether, at bottom, Mr. Matthiessen, in his "intuitive" appreciation of literature and ideas, does not minimize unduly the spadework of scholarship.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

A. Brady

The Life of Neville Chamberlain by Keith Feiling* is one of the most illuminating books on the politics of Britain between the world wars, and a fascinating study of a political character. Much of its interest dwells in the peculiar nature of its sources. The Chamberlain family, acting on Neville's own belief that a man's life should be written before he is forgotten, placed the dead statesman's papers at the author's disposal, and refrained from a scrutiny of the manuscript before publication. For years Chamberlain had kept a careful diary and in the period 1916-40 had regularly written letters to his two sisters on the men and incidents of public affairs. This rich store of private correspondence provides the principal substance of the present volume. Chamberlain here speaks for himself. Some reviewers have argued that he thoroughly damns himself, but that depends upon the reader's point of view.

Neville Chamberlain was an excellent representative of the nineteenth-century British ruling class active in the twentieth century. He possessed the insular prejudices of that class as well as its profound sense of public duty. Yet in certain notable respects he was very modern. Without sentimentality, he was trenchant in criticizing it in others. He liked to think of himself as preserving the implacable realism of his father. His chief zeal was for a daring and efficient administration, and to this end he was tireless in seeking to improve the machinery of the state. No Tory, he was far removed from the conservatism of Mayfair. He wrote with contempt of "the strange dream life that goes on" in the Tory aristocracy. He realized that the grand imperative in the politics of twentieth-century Britain was to improve the lot of the common man. He remarked of an illustrious contemporary, Lord Curzon, that he was a great figure with superhuman industry and brilliant gifts, but a great failure too because he "never understood nor cared about the detailed aspirations of the working-classes." His intellectual roots go back to Unitarian ancestors. He had the intensity of conviction and the sense of mission of the Nonconformist mind, disliking in particular the shallow exhibitionism of elections. His life throughout was regular, simple, strenuous. He was sensitive, restless, and high-strung, but in times of personal and public stress he was calm, patient,

**The Life of Neville Chamberlain.* By Keith Feiling. London: Macmillan [Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada]. 1946. Pp. x, 476. ($5.50)

and strong. In brief, Neville Chamberlain was a man of potent character and first-class intelligence. Yet he was not really a great man. In his diary and letters there is no electric touch of imagination, nothing of that brilliant mentality which Winston Churchill throughout his career illustrated. He was merely a sober, painstaking, conscientious man of affairs.

His diary and correspondence have interesting comments on the men and issues of his time. On Stanley Baldwin, his own leader for many years, his views changed little throughout the period. He admired Baldwin's character, liked his personality, paid tribute to his understanding of men, but regarded him as without capacity for dynamic political leadership. "I had hoped," he noted in an interview with Baldwin at Chequers in 1925, "for the disclosure of a policy . . . every time one attempted to begin a conversation on such lines one is baffled by a break-off, and a remark about the beauty of the scenery." This experience was irritating to Chamberlain's intense mind. He was no less occasionally irritated, for other reasons, by Lord Beaverbrook, to whom he refers in one place as "unstable as water." For Churchill he had admiration throughout. He regarded him as a man of genius, with the inevitable excesses of genius, and it is evident that, if political circumstances had permitted, he would have had him in his own Government from the outset.

On general policies there is here much of interest. Needless to add Chamberlain's whole ambition was to be a peace minister, concerned with the domestic issues of creating a well-ordered society in Britain. His political philosophy was that of twentieth-century British liberalism. "Our policy," he remarked, "is to use the great resources of the state, not for the distribution of an indiscriminate largesse, but to help those who have the will and desire to raise themselves to higher and better things." As Minister of Health he was a bold administrator, concerned with creating a triple partnership between the state, the employer, and the worker. As Chancellor of the Exchequer (1931-7) he was confronted with a multitude of difficult issues, domestic, imperial, and international. There are some interesting comments from the diary and letters on the Ottawa Conference of 1932. To Chamberlain the conference was very nearly a complete failure owing to the attitude in particular of the Canadian Prime Minister, then Mr. R. B. Bennett, whom he found "full of high Imperial sentiments," which in practice meant almost nothing.

By a harsh irony the name of Neville Chamberlain in history will be most associated, not with domestic, but with foreign policy. In 1937 he became Prime Minister at the age of sixty-eight, and already the forces of nationalism in Europe appeared to be moving with a terrible certainty towards another war. To stop them became Chamberlain's task. This book has much to tell, although perhaps little that is really new, on the events which led to Munich and later to the outbreak of war. The author seeks to expose four false assumptions concerning Chamberlain's foreign policy: that he was hostile to collective security; that he was biased by a

sympathy for Germany; that he ignored Russia; and that he impeded rearmament. The force of argument is certainly not decisive on all these points, and it cannot be until official archives are open. But on the last point especially the evidence in this book is impressive. Chamberlain was always confident that without an effective international system foreign policy must depend on power, and, with the Hitlerian menace and the failure of the League, he was emphatic that Britain must arm as rapidly as she could. He wished to make defence the crucial issue of the election of 1935, but was overruled by Baldwin and others who feared the power in Britain of pacifist sentiment. At Munich he was buying time, although he hoped that the appeasement of Hitler might possibly mean more than that. Indeed his evident weakness in these years was the excessive trust that he was disposed to place in the dictators, a trust that was worn thin by the spring of 1939. But late in May, 1940, when Nazi military triumphs were multiplying, he could still set down on paper his defence that "whatever the outcome, it is clear as daylight that, if we had had to fight in 1938, the results would have been far worse. It would be rash to prophesy the verdict of history, but if full access is obtained to all the records, it will be seen that I realised from the beginning our military weakness, and did my best to postpone, if I could not avert, the war."

PETRARCH'S *RIME** — H. S. Wilson

Pantheon Books have recently added Petrarch to their series of poets represented in two languages. The present edition of the 366 poems (sonnets, *canzoni*, *sestine*, *ballate*, madrigals), known in Italian as Petrarch's *Rime* or *Canzoniere*, prints the Italian text and the English translation on facing pages. There is also an introduction dealing with the literary career of Petrarch with special reference to his *Rime*. The volume is clearly printed, and, while the quality of the paper is what we have to expect in most post-war books rather than what we should wish, the format is sufficiently serviceable.

The introduction is a careful piece of work. In following Burckhardt's view of the Italian Renaissance and Petrarch's place in it, the writer might perhaps have indicated that this view has been challenged by a good many scholars in recent times; and it is a little surprising that Petrarch's influence upon English poets—a matter of particular interest, one would suppose, for the class of readers to whom this volume is most likely to appeal—receives only passing mention. But Mommsen provides a very useful guide for readers who are coming to the *Rime* for the first time.

*Petrarch, *Sonnets and Songs*. Italian-English edition; translated by Anna Maria Armi. Introduction by Theodor E. Mommsen. New York: Pantheon Books. 1946. Pp. xlii, 521. ($3.50)

It may be questioned whether the translator of the *Rime* has been well advised to try "to render the original with the greatest possible accuracy"—as the publishers put it—while retaining the Petrarchan form of the poems. In practice, the exigencies of the rhyme scheme often require in the English version a distortion of Petrarch's sense, without any adequate poetic compensation for the loss. A translator of poetry ought, as a rule, to choose between a close following of the literal meaning—which is best achieved in prose, as in the admirable Temple Classics edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy*—and an attempt to render more freely the form or the mood of the poems. To combine all of these purposes successfully is a plain impossibility which the present translation illustrates.

The following example, which is, I think, fairly representative of the translations as a whole, will show what is meant. Petrarch's madrigal (no. CXXI)—

Or vedi, Amor, che giovenetta donna
Tuo regno sprezza e del mio mal non cura,
E tra duo ta' nemici è sí secura.

Tu se' armato, et ella in treccie e 'n gonna
Si siede, e scalza, in mezzo i fiori e l'erba,
Vèr' me spietata, e 'n contra te superba.

I' son pregion; ma se pietá ancor serba
L'arco tuo saldo, e qualcuna saetta,
Fa di te, e di me, signor, vendetta.

is rendered as follows:

Love, you must know how a certain young maid
Disdains your rule, and my pain does not see,
And is safe between either enemy.

You are in arms, and she in gown and braid
Sits down with naked feet on grass and flower,
Merciless toward me, toward you sour.

I am a captive; but if pity's power
Stays in your bow, and perhaps still an arrow,
Take revenge for your self and for my marrow.

As a literal version, this would be adequate except for the rhymes. But *donna* is not properly rendered *maid*, especially if we are thinking of Petrarch's Laura. And *sour* has a very misleading connotation: it suggests the attitude of a spinster of uncertain years, whereas *superba* is meant to emphasize the impropriety of the lady's disdain of the god whose power she should fear. The allusion to the poet's *marrow* is a sacrifice of the letter to the spirit, in the interest of the rhyme; but this gratuitous conceit is baroque in its harshness rather than Petrarchan.

It is probably impossible to render the literal sense of this poem in idiomatic English, but a less arbitrary prose version might go somewhat like this:

See, Love, how this young woman scorns thy rule and recks not of my pain, how carelessly she bears herself between two such foes.

Thou art armed, while she, in her gown and braids, sits barefooted amid the grass and flowers, cruel toward me and disdainful toward thee.

I am her captive. My lord, for pity, if you have strength in your bow and an arrow left, revenge us both.

But neither of these versions suggests the airy grace of Petrarch's madrigal. This is how Sir Thomas Wyatt handles it:

Behold love, thy power how she dispiseth:
My great payne, how litle she regardeth:
The holy oth, whereof she taketh no cure
Broken she hath: and yet she bideth sure
Right at her ease, and litle she dredeth.

Wepened thou art, and she unarmed sitteth:
To the disdaynfull her liff she ledeth:
To me spitefull withoute cause or mesur.
Behold love.

I ame in hold: if pitie the meveth,
Goo bend thy bowe, that stony hertes breketh,
And with some stroke revenge the displeasur
Of the and him, that sorrowe doeth endur,
And as his lorde the lowly entreateth.
Behold love.

Wyatt has taken great liberties with Petrarch's verses. He has turned the madrigal into a rondeau by expanding the nine lines of the original to thirteen and adding a refrain. He has shifted our attention somewhat from the lady to the God of Love, and, in the process, has sacrificed Petrarch's fine description of the lady and her setting. He has introduced an "oth" of which Petrarch says nothing. But he has achieved a lovely song, kindred in mood with Petrarch's.

It would be asking too much to require of a modern translator of Petrarch the poetic ability of a Wyatt; but it seems a pity that Miss Armi did not choose to give her versions in prose.

There are many versions of Petrarch's poems available in English, of greater or less literary merit, but to my knowledge there has not been hitherto any literal version of the whole of the *Rime*. It is desirable that Petrarch's great collection of poems should be available to English readers in a form that makes it convenient to improve one's Italian while gaining a closer acquaintance with the Italian poet who stands next to Dante and with the volume of Italian poetry that has had, doubtless, the greatest influence upon English poets. It cannot be said that the present edition supplies this need quite satisfactorily; but it does so to some extent, and to that extent it is useful.

THE ARGUMENT OF *PARADISE LOST*

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE

Mr. Diekhoff's commentary on the argument of *Paradise Lost** concerns itself with a single aspect of the poem. Within its carefully defined limits it is a skilful and useful little book. Its twofold aim is to gain readers for Milton's epic and to ensure that they shall not be led astray in their reading by the old heresy that Milton was of the devil's party, or that, at all events, the devil has the better of the argument.

Milton, says Mr. Diekhoff, unreservedly accepted the dominant Renaissance theory which approximated poetic to rhetoric, and the poet to the orator. Both were to instruct and to persuade or "move" to virtuous action, by or with delight; both were to win the audience to a favourable hearing, and to reinforce precept by example. *Paradise Lost* is an argument as well as an epic; and Milton's avowed intention, to

> assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to men,

governs the whole poem. The argument (in the narrower sense of doctrinal statement) pursues this purpose directly, while the narrative supports the argument and furnishes the illustrative example. On this view of the poem, Mr. Diekhoff contends, everything falls into place. The characters, whether in the poet's description or their own dramatic utterance, are designed to call the reader's feelings into action on the side of truth. The celebrated passages in which the poet speaks of himself, so far from being digressions, are presentations of his credentials and claims upon the reader's sympathetic assent. Finally, through argument and narrative, *Paradise Lost* points the way of virtue to fallen man.

Rightly recognizing that sympathy for the arch-rebel can distort one's reading of the whole poem (Shelley is the classic example), Mr. Diekhoff first seeks to demonstrate "the evil of Satan." It is not difficult, and his case would have been strengthened rather than weakened by admitting Satan's grandeur and pathos as a dramatic figure, by admitting, that is, the kind and degree of sympathy which Milton dared to feel and to evoke because he was so sure of his doctrinal argument and of his own ability to make Satan's evil manifest and ensure his ultimate condemnation. He next proceeds to the closely related themes of "man's guilt," "God's justice" and "God's providence and mercy," devoting a chapter to each, and concentrating upon the doctrinal argument. This he handles with precision and skill, bringing together most of the relevant passages and expounding them with a careful and penetrating eye to their exact meaning. These are the most valuable chapters in the book. It is part of Mr. Diekhoff's self-imposed limitation of treatment, that they contain scarcely a reference to other theologians. Reference to St. Augustine, for example, would have

**Milton's* Paradise Lost: *A Commentary on the Argument.* By JOHN S. DIEKHOFF. New York: Columbia University Press. 1946. Pp. viii, 161. ($2.00)

clinched the point that the particular form of Adam's sin is uxoriousness. But, much more important, references to other theologians would have brought home to the reader that many of the difficulties inherent in Milton's argument are in no way peculiar to it, but belong to the Christian tradition at large. Least satisfactory is the chapter entitled "The Way of Virtue," partly because it is brief and sketchy and contains a rather superficial view of the relation of *Paradise Lost* to the ethics and politics of the prose works, but chiefly because Mr. Diekhoff, abandoning his objective (if not altogether disinterested) exposition, tries to tell us what is wrong with the world and how a fuller understanding of Milton would set us on the path of recovery.

Setting aside most of this final chapter as, strictly speaking, irrelevant, one may emphasize once more the value of Mr. Diekhoff's commentary, *within its limits*, for a proper reading of *Paradise Lost*. But one must observe how very strict these limits are.

Mr. Diekhoff's formulation of Milton's poetic is true, so far as it goes, and relevant. But the Renaissance was not less emphatic on the importance of the *genres* than on the didactic office of poetry; and *Paradise Lost* is an epic as well as an argument. It is his position as epic antagonist that accounts in part for the grandeur and pathos of Satan which have helped to lead so many romantic critics astray. But more important still are the myriad examples of aesthetic pattern and attendant aesthetic emotion which minister to delight and add suggestion to argument. A poem is an organic whole; and argument in poetry is not the same thing as argument in prose. As a preliminary stage in exposition it is sometimes necessary, however, to treat it as though it were; and this is Mr. Diekhoff's justification.

In the realm of argument, another limit appears. Despite his failure to emphasize the common ground and common problems of Milton and other theologians, Mr. Diekhoff actually confines himself to Milton's more orthodox beliefs. Among the ideas treated in the commentary, only Milton's insistence on free will and on reason would have appeared extreme even to a Calvinist of the seventeenth century, and in the light of the whole theology of the Christian Church they can hardly be regarded as heterodox. It is right and necessary to assert Milton's basic Christianity, but dangerous to ignore (as other modern defenders besides Mr. Diekhoff have done) his important modifications of Christian doctrine. Mr. Diekhoff has nothing to say of the creation and is far from giving a complete account of Milton's doctrine of God and the Son. But these things are parts of "the argument of *Paradise Lost*." To omit them is apt to invite a fresh and contrary distortion of Milton's thought. It is also to ignore the struggle which it cost Milton to arrive at his final position. Of this struggle indeed there is no hint in Mr. Diekhoff's book.

Possibly he finds no hint of it in Milton's poem. All his emphasis falls on Milton's didacticism. Like Sir Herbert Grierson, he would seem to

hold that Milton conceived of himself as a prophet. (Their difference is only that Mr. Diekhoff finds Milton's message entirely acceptable.) That Milton thus thought of his work is no doubt true. But poetry, like religion, can contain and reconcile opposing elements. Because poetry is prophecy it does not follow that it is nothing more. There are indeed very strong indications that Milton's poetry is a good deal more. It is an imaginative record—say rather, an imaginative *embodiment*—of Milton's thinking and feeling on issues of tremendous importance to him. Thought and emotion, when to these is added the will to give them utterance in the patterned form of a poem, give rise to an aesthetic experience; and it is this aesthetic experience which is embodied in the poem. Rejected ideas and unapproved sympathies may well contribute to its power—to the power, for example, of the characterization of Satan. The doctrinal argument does not develop alone but under the stimulating and modifying influence of the imaginative conception (action and characters) and the aesthetic pattern; and thus poetry can become, if not precisely a solvent of intellectual difficulties, at least a stimulant to thought and a resolvent of emotional tensions. To seek to isolate and examine the argument, or the imaginative conception, or the aesthetic patterning, is a legitimate and useful step towards an understanding of the poem, so long as one does not mistake the part for the whole or permanently ignore the interrelation constantly subsisting between the three.

It is impossible to tell whether any substantial body of modern readers are still led astray by the notion that Milton is of the devil's party, with its attendant distortion, or rather inversion, of his argument. If such there be, it is probably due less to admiration for rebellion, or hostility to Christianity, than to a desire to discover in Milton something original, adventurous and forceful. Driven back upon Milton's argument in the terms in which Mr. Diekhoff and his fellow-defenders are content to expound it, they will be apt to dismiss Milton as one who accepted without question a traditional creed: a fundamentalist with a flair for epic poetry. They will think of his experience as having nothing in common with their own and, in consequence, will suppose that he can have nothing of importance to say to them. What this type of reader would seem to require is to be shown another aspect of Milton: a man labouring in a world of conflict to shape his individual creed, and to bring under a principle of integration, which he finds in the Christian religion, a large body of disturbing and intractable experience, private and public, intellectual and emotional: a man who was also a great poet (though in a mode very different from any that prevails today) and one whose poetry, however remote it may seem by virtue of its theological content and its classical form, nevertheless springs from his experience and from his effort to think his way through it.

CANADA AND THE UNITED NATIONS

W. A. RIDDELL

In the pages of *The United Nations, 1946*,* we find an unusually informing report on the present structure of the United Nations and the work and results of the last General Assembly. Canadians will find it a most valuable source of information for an understanding both of the United Nations organization in action and of the part our country is taking in it.

This is the third report issued by the Department of External Affairs describing the United Nations and Canada's participation in it. The first was the report on the San Francisco conference, April 25 to June 26, 1945, published the same year. The second was the report of the first session of the General Assembly held in London from January 10 to February 14, 1946, published later in that year. The first report was concerned with the drafting of the charter of the United Nations and the second with the setting-up of its machinery and the bringing of it into operation. The present report describes the progress of the second part of the first session of the General Assembly during the closing months of last year, and is concerned, as might be expected, more especially with Canada's contribution to that progress.

The Report is divided into three parts: (1) a general introduction describing the structure of the United Nations, together with a general survey of the problems before the General Assembly and the attitude of the member nations to them; (2) a detailed discussion of the more important items on the agenda including eight under the heading "Political Questions," twelve under "Economic and Social Questions," four under "Trusteeship Questions and Non-self-governing Territory," six under "Administrative and Budgetary Questions," eight under "Legal Questions," and three under "Other Questions," i.e. headquarters of the United Nations, the election of officers of committees, and measures to economize the time of the Assembly; (3) Appendices, which comprise 125 of the 290 pages of the Report and summarize the main proposals and amendments introduced by the members in the preparation of some twenty-four of the resolutions of the General Assembly. They also include certain statements, proposals, and memoranda submitted by individual delegations of which the Canadian delegation was responsible for more than a score.

The General Assembly, according to the Report, accomplished more than could reasonably have been anticipated when it opened. It lists among these accomplishments the setting-up of the Trusteeship Council; the approval after a long debate of the constitution of the International Relief Organization; and the creation of a new subsidiary organ, the International Children's Emergency Fund. It points out that the General

* *The United Nations, 1946: Report on the Second Part of the First Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, held in New York, October 23-Dec. 5, 1946.* Issued by the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa, as Conference Series, 1946, no. 3. Ottawa: King's Printer. Pp. 290. (50 cents)

Assembly "increased notably" what may be called its "quasi-legislative" function by affirming the principles of international law, recognized in the charter of the Nuremburg Tribunal in the declaration that genocide is a crime under international law; and by adopting regulations for carrying out article 102 of the charter on the registration and publication of international agreements. While doubtful if the resolutions expressing views on contemporary international law have absolute juridical force, it does affirm that they would carry great weight.

The most important accomplishment of the Assembly, however, the Report considers, was the unanimous adoption, on December 14, of a resolution on the principles covering the general regulations and reduction of armaments. It points out that "the unanimous adoption of this resolution was made possible only by joint and sustained effort of many delegations to reconcile the separate proposals that each had advanced. These efforts were based on a common recognition of the fact that, if an Assembly resolution on disarmament was to have practical results, it had to be concurred in by all the heavily armed powers and by the great majority of the other powers."

The Assembly, it is maintained, showed that in the exercise of its power, while it would not accept "narrow, pedantic legalism," it was ready to respect the domestic jurisdiction clause (paragraph 7, article 2 of the charter) even if this clause did derogate from its authority.

The Report points out that it would be idle to claim that in all delicate political matters the Assembly acted with moderation and restraint. It acknowledges that appeals to passion and prejudice were made by the representatives in the debates on the Spanish question and on India's complaint against the treatment of the Indians in South Africa. It does claim that on the whole the Assembly did demonstrate that it could act with moderation and restraint. This was especially shown in dealing with the abuse of the right of the veto which had impaired the confidence of the world in the efficiency of the Security Council as an instrument for the maintenance of international peace and security. Instead of censoring Russia for her use of the veto on different occasions during the first ten months of the Security Council, it was content to discuss specific reforms the Security Council might adopt in its practices and procedures. Since the abuse of the veto had been responsible for the rejection of certain applications for membership, the Assembly requested the Security Council to re-examine all the applications before it on their respective merits as measured by "the yardstick of the Charter."

At the San Francisco conference the Canadian delegation had been alarmed at the solidarity in voting shown by the different "blocs" of states. The Report remarks that "one of the encouraging features of the Assembly was that in voting on important questions there were few hard and fast blocs of states." Of the Latin American republics, which were considered the worst offenders, on only two issues did as many as sixteen vote the same

way; the others abstained or were absent. The largest number of votes the Latin American republics cast in the same way on any one of the other eight issues was thirteen. Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and the United Kingdom voted the same way on only four of the ten votes; the five Arab states voted the same way on six; the six Eastern European states voted the same way on eight—on the other votes Czechoslovakia abstained.

The Report pays a high tribute to the President of the Assembly, M. Spaak, the Foreign Minister of Belgium, and quotes at some length from his closing address. In this he contrasts the United Nations Assembly very favourably with the Assembly of the League of Nations remarking that, when he had gone to Geneva a few times before the war, he had the impression of being at a meeting of diplomats. "Here I had the distinct impression of being at a meeting of statesmen." So far as I can recall M. Spaak first attended the Assembly of the League in 1937. His opinion might well be explained by the fact that by then its members had long since ceased to take it seriously.

The attitude of the Canadian delegation in the Assembly as shown by the Report can best be described as constructively critical and yet sympathetically co-operative. The chairman of the Canadian delegation, the Rt. Hon. L. St. Laurent, speaking in the opening debate, frankly pointed out that it was more important for the General Assembly to take steps to remedy its shortcomings than to draw attention to the achievements of the United Nations. Among these shortcomings, he noted, was the failure of the Security Council and military staff committee to make substantial progress towards concluding special military agreements with individual members. He reminded the Assembly that the United Nations was still on trial and that its interest would not be served by concealing any disappointments caused by its operation. Serious consideration should be given to the reduction of national armaments so that the productive capacity of the world could be used for improving the living conditions of all peoples. The Security Council would be required to take positive action to forward the peaceful settlement of disputes. The time was not yet opportune to try to amend the charter. The Assembly, however, should make practical recommendations on how the Security Council could more effectively discharge its vital functions. Broad and practical interpretations of the charter were best calculated to strengthen its authority and prestige. The Assembly must encourage the progressive development of international law and its codification. There could not be any lasting peace in the absence of a system of international order based upon justice regulated by law.

The financial contributions of the members of the United Nations, he is reported as saying, should be employed in its best interests. They should guard against the dissipation of their funds in the creation of too many specialized organizations. They must be assured that the secretariat possessed the highest standards of efficiency, competence, and integrity.

The unnecessary prolongation of international meetings also resulted in financial waste, and for this reason the Canadian delegation requested the Assembly to set up a committee to make specific recommendations to economize the time of future sessions. He justified these suggestions on the ground that "the people of Canada looked upon the United Nations, not as a temporary expedient but as a permanent partnership—a partnership among the people of the world for their common peace and common well-being."

The chairman of the Canadian delegation having thus announced the Government's policy, the members of the delegation appear from the Report to have entered with zest into the work of the committees of the Assembly in order to realize as far as possible their Government's programme.

The Report claims considerable credit for the Canadian delegation in connection with the drafting of the resolution on disarmament. While holding that disarmament was a matter for the heavily armed powers—the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.—the delegation's intervention is justified on the ground that the Soviet resolution had "a major fault," and that the American resolution presented certain difficulties. The major fault appeared to be the statement, in paragraph 2 of the Soviet proposal of October 29, that the primary object of the reduction of armaments should be "the prohibition to produce and to use atomic energy for military purposes," and the omission of any reference to the control of atomic energy to ensure use for peaceful purposes only. According to the Canadian delegation, the primary objective was the "expeditious fulfilment by the Atomic Energy commission of all its terms of reference, which included both the elimination of atomic weapons and also the control of atomic energy."

The Canadian delegation, thereupon, prepared what the Report describes as a "working paper," setting forth a tentative draft of a possible substitute for the Soviet resolution. A revised draft of this working paper was later submitted as a Canadian resolution. The Canadian resolution had a threefold purpose: it recommended the prohibition of weapons of mass destruction and the control of atomic energy to the extent necessary to ensure its use for peaceful purposes only, and it called attention to the fact that the action of the Assembly in adopting a resolution on disarmament was only the first of four stages in the process of disarmament. The Assembly's resolution as adopted deals with four related aspects of the disarmament problem: (1) the prohibition of atomic and all other major weapons adaptable now and in the future to mass destruction, (2) the control of atomic energy to the extent necessary to ensure its use for peaceful purposes only, (3) the placing of armed forces at the disposal of the Security Council, (4) the general regulation and reduction of armaments and armed forces.

The Canadian delegation also took an interest in the question of the practices and procedures of the Security Council. When this matter was before the political committee of the General Assembly the delegation

pointed out that it disassociated itself from any proposal for amending the charter during the Assembly. It did however join with other delegations in appealing to the permanent members of the Council to adhere scrupulously to the spirit and the language of the charter and to refrain from using the veto except in the interests of the United Nations as a whole. The Canadian delegation argued that "if the permanent Members on the Council were to use their veto only in the interests of the United Nations as a whole, if the veto were not to apply to decisions by the Council on whether a dispute exists and on which states are parties to a dispute, and if a permanent member could refrain from supporting a proposal without by so doing exercising the veto, many of the obstacles which have prevented the Security Council from becoming the supreme agency for international conciliation would disappear."

Another contribution claimed for Canada was the clarifying of the vexed question of the great-power veto in relation to the imposition of sanctions. The Canadian representative argued that this question should be approached realistically. If under present conditions "there came about a situation where it was felt that sanctions would have to be applied against one of the great powers, it would be a condition of imminent war whether the opposition of the one power took the form of resistance or took the form of a veto. The only way in which it could be overcome would be by the use of force, and the use of force against a great power means war."

In addition to these two questions the Canadian delegation also took a special interest in a number of other items on the agenda. The refusal of the applications for membership of Eire and Portugal was one of these. It considered that the action of the Soviet Union in vetoing the admission of these two countries was a violation of the charter. The alleged reason for the Soviet's objections—that it did not have diplomatic relations with these two states—the Canadian delegation held to be immaterial.

The proposed action of the Assembly regarding Spain was another matter of interest; it met with strong Canadian opposition. The Report outlines the actions of the San Francisco conference and the General Assembly at London. For certain reasons the Canadian delegation was in a difficult position regarding its attitude towards Spain. Canada's policy, as is well known, has long been "hands off Spain." The Canadian delegation's attitude at the New York meeting of the Assembly seems to have been determined by the fact that while it abhorred the record and present policies of the Franco administration, it hoped that the Spanish people might be able to rid themselves of Franco. Such a hope has since been shown to have been merely a pipe dream. Its chief argument seems to have been that it was not prepared to support intervention in Spain, since this might hinder European recovery and for a dictatorship of theright substitute another of the left.

India's complaint against South Africa was naturally of unusual interest to the other nations of the British Commonwealth. The Canadian dele-

gation, however, recognized the right of the General Assembly to recommend adjustments of any situation which seemed likely to impair the general welfare or friendly relations of nations. General Smuts did insist, however, that the complaint dealt with a matter which was of purely domestic concern and therefore raised the difficulty of the jurisdiction given the General Assembly under article 2, paragraph 7 of the charter. In view of this difficulty the Canadian delegation favoured the submission of the case to the International Court of Justice. This suggestion, however, as is well known, did not prevail since the Assembly resolution requested the two governments to confer together and to report to the next session of the General Assembly.

As regards the question of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms the Report states that the Canadian delegation did not consider "that there was any convenient opportunity for a statement at New York." For good and sufficient reasons a number of countries, no doubt, were glad to postpone the discussion of this question to the second session. It is possible that, owing to Canada's discriminatory legislation against the Japanese, Chinese, and her native races, it was not considered wise to invite criticism until the parliamentary committee (which has now been set up) should have had time to consider and to recommend necessary changes in the treatment of certain racial elements in our population.

The Report records the results of the election of Colombia, Syria, and Belgium to the Security Council. No reason is given, however, why Canada did not present her candidature for a seat. It should be a great disappointment to Canadians that, although a Middle Power, Canada only tied for sixth place in the first election for the Security Council and did not deem it advisable to run in the second election. It is sincerely to be hoped that Canada will not only be a candidate for a seat in 1947, but will leave no stone unturned to assure that she becomes a member of the Council.

A rather full account is given of the Economic and Social Council. Its objects as set forth in article 55 are quoted in full. Brief reference is made to the organization of the League of Nations in this field. Its appointment of a special committee which recommended in 1939 the establishment of a "Central Committee for Economic and Social Questions" is recalled as the forerunner of the present Council. The present organization of the Council is outlined. Of its nine commissions Canada has representation on five, namely the Economic and Employment, Narcotic Drugs, Population, Social, and Statistical Commissions. In addition to these commissions an enumeration is given of some twelve other functional organizations including the International Labour Organization, the Food and Agricultural Organization, the International Monetary Fund, etc., whose policies and activities it is the responsibility of the Economic and Social Council to bring into co-ordination. The Report quotes the following statement of the Canadian representative as setting forth the approach of the Canadian Government to the work of the Council. "In the establishment of the Economic and Social Council, in the setting up of its commissions, in the negotiations of

relationships with the special purpose agencies established by intergovernmental agreement, we are opening up a new chapter in the long struggle of mankind to master his environment to the end that the material and economic resources of the world are used for the enrichment and not the destruction of humanity."

Among the other items on the agenda which appear to have been of interest to Canada might be mentioned the International Refugee Organization, the World Federation of Trade Unions, and the examination of measures to economize the time of the Assembly.

The Canadian delegation upheld the principle that political refugees should be assured the right of asylum so that no innocent refugee would be forced to return to his country of origin. Canada, the Report states, was successful, in the main, in achieving its three main objectives: (*a*) the right of political dissidents to obtain assistance from the International Refugee Organization, (*b*) the safeguarding of their rights to resettlement and re-establishment, and (*c*) to press for making the entry of the constitution of the International Refugee Organization dependent upon the approval of at least fifteen states who contributed not less than 75 per cent of its funds.

The relations of non-government organizations to the United Nations through its Economic and Social Council, have caused considerable difficulty. Article 71 had more or less reluctantly been inserted in the charter of the United Nations providing that "the Economic and Social Council may make suitable arrangements for consultation with non-government organizations which are concerned with matters within its competence." At the London meeting of the General Assembly, the World Federation of Trade Unions, the International Cooperative Alliance, the American Federation of Labour, and other non-governmental organizations, "whose experience the Economic and Social Council may find necessary to use," finally succeeded in obtaining the right to collaborate for purposes of consultation.

At the New York meeting of the General Assembly the W.F.T.U. requested that it be granted two additional rights: (*a*) the right to submit items for insertion in the provisional agenda of the Economic and Social Council, and (*b*) the right to present written and oral communications of concern to the W.F.T.U. These requests were sponsored and actively supported by the Soviet delegation. The Canadian delegation on the other hand strongly opposed them both in committee and in the plenary meeting of the Assembly and voted consistently against them. The first request was granted and the second defeated.

This survey is not intended to exhaust the questions discussed but to afford the reader some idea of the work of the General Assembly, the part Canada took in it, and the value of the Report. *The United Nations, 1946*, or "the Report" gives more answers to the questions in which a student of international affairs is interested than are usually found in a government publication.